THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Illustrated Weekly
A° D: 1728 by Ben[illegible]klin

JULY 22, '11 5c THE COPY

Repeat Orders for One to Ten Trucks from more than One Hundred Gramm Owners

The Gramm is built in 1, 2, 3 and 5-ton chasses. Bodies are furnished to meet the purchaser's requirements

Every inch of 145,000 square feet of floor space taxed to its utmost capacity, with a force of 2000 men working full time and over time—that tells you better than words can where the Gramm stands in the truck world today.

This condition has obtained for months; and the Gramm product has been going out with magnificent regularity into the hands of owners satisfied in advance that the Gramm is *a truck it is absolutely safe to buy.*

While you have been debating in your mind the wisdom of buying a truck, or wavering between several truck reputations; nearly a thousand of the greatest truck-buying concerns in America have long since settled the question of utility—*and made up their minds which truck to choose.*

These thousand-odd Gramm trucks are in daily use all over America.

Contrary to general custom, not one of them is on probation, consignment, or trial.

They are sold—sold outright—without quibble or qualification—and are implicitly accepted by every Gramm buyer—not because of what we say; but because of what the Gramm owner is quick, and ready, and glad, to say of the service he is getting.

No man who has ever seen the great Gramm plant—a small sized industrial city in itself—could hesitate about his choice.

THE Gramm

Gramm Trucks are in as great demand, proportionately, in small cities as in large. Our distribution covers, approximately, all cities of largest size, like New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, etc. Valuable representation can still be secured by men of the right calibre.

If you are interested in establishing an attractive business of immense possibilities, to which you can devote all your energies, arrange with our sales department, either by letter or wire, for open territory.

No man who has been properly told the Gramm story can fail to see *how secure he is in the Gramm reputation.*

By the Gramm story we mean the building of the first trucks in America by a man who refused to be tempted away from the more permanent possibilities of the commercial field by the allurements of pleasure-car popularity.

We mean ten years crowded with hard, practical, progressive experience; which solved for the Gramm all the worst problems of the commercial truck *before most manufacturers had confronted them.*

The astonishing sales of the Gramm today are not a sudden freak of public demand; but the natural heritage of these ten years of heart-breaking research when no adequate reward was in sight.

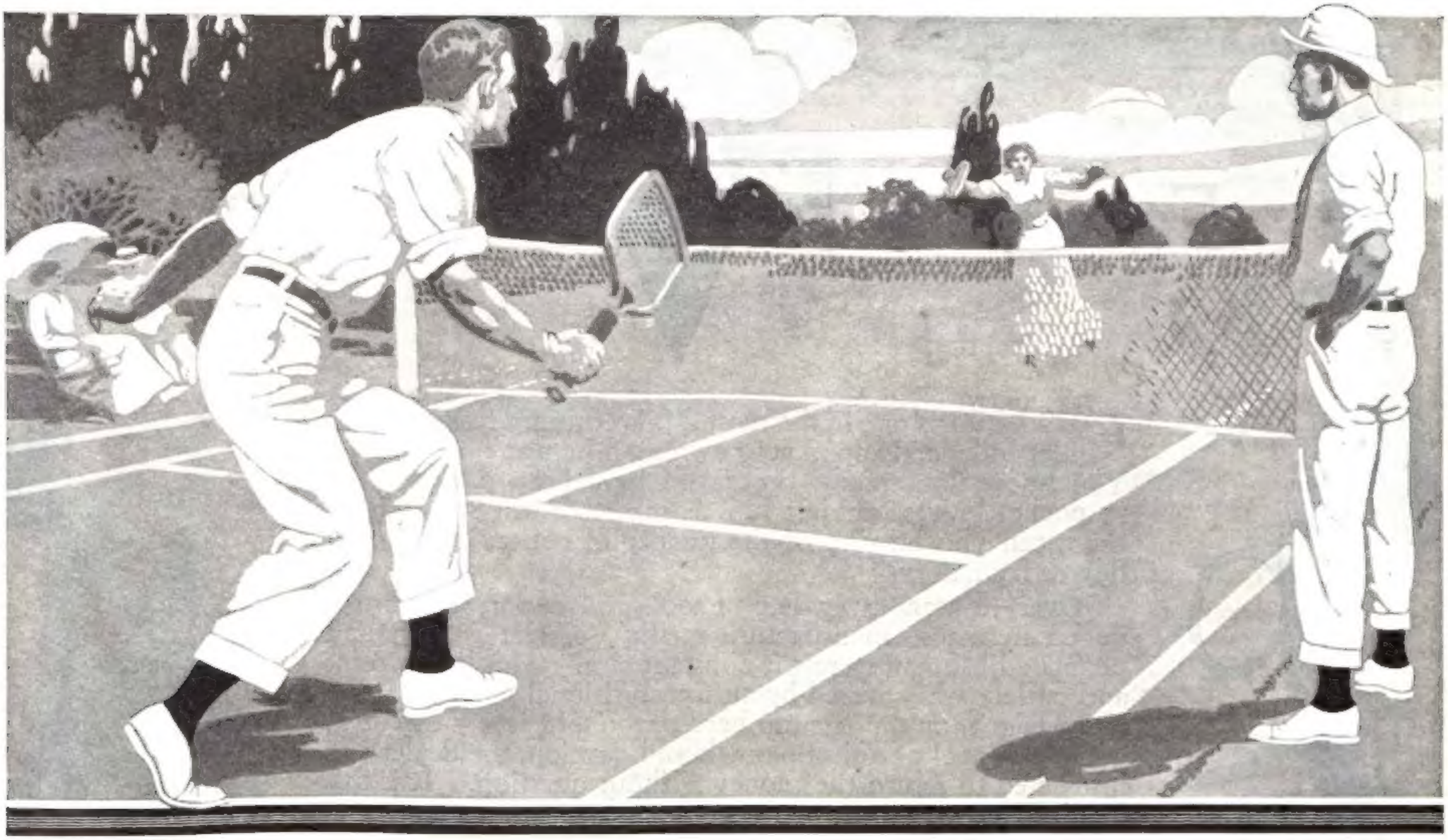
The Gramm is selling today because, of all motor trucks, *it most deserves to sell.* Ten years of devotion to an ideal have culminated in this magnificent plant and are receiving a magnificent expression in the Gramm Truck.

The long and impressive list of Gramm owners, more than one hundred of whom have repeated their orders; the detailed and unsolicited reports from business houses of records made in service and economy—all these offer precisely the sort of conclusive evidence for which the truck buyer has been looking.

We want you to know both the technical and practical features of the Gramm. Write today for full information

THE GRAMM MOTOR CAR COMPANY **114 South Lima Street, LIMA, OHIO**

Canadian Manufacturers: THE GRAMM MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., Walkerville, Ont.



These Smart Summer-Weight Hose Stand Hard Usage

Six Pairs Guaranteed Six Months

Just SIX PAIRS of "Holeproof" will last through the summer and into the winter without any need of darning. That's because we pay 70c a pound for yarn. It's due to the spending of $55,000 a year for inspection. It results from our 38 years of experience. There are no other hose so soft and light weight. Try them and see.

The genuine "Holeproof," without any exception, are the finest hose made today in America. They are light, soft and attractive. The guarantee doesn't mean that they are heavy or coarse. It means only one thing: that the wear that we claim for the hose is a fact. We were the first to guarantee hose. But the guarantee idea came after the quality. Therein lies the difference between our guarantee and the guarantees of other hose.

We spend $55,000 a year for inspection—just to see that each pair of "Holeproof" is made right. We know of no better way to be sure that the hose will outlive the guarantee. If we did we'd employ it. We spend this money to protect what we spend for the quality. We cannot afford to replace many pairs of "Holeproof."

Carl Freschl, Pres.

You want the genuine "Holeproof" if you want the hose that are guaranteed, because *they are worth it.* You don't want an amateur brand made with cheap yarn. The genuine bear the name "Holeproof" on the toe. Also the signature—Carl Freschl, Pres.

"Holeproof" are made for men, women and children. For men in twelve colors, ten weights and five grades. For women in seven colors, three grades and three weights. For children in two colors, two weights and three grades. The prices are $1.50 up to $3, according to finish and weight—six pairs guaranteed six months.

We guarantee *three* pairs of *silk hose* for *three* months, at $2 for three pairs of men's and $3 for three pairs of women's.

No one knows 'til he, or she, wears the genuine, how good these hose can be made or how long they will wear when so made.

The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy." It tells all about "Holeproof." You'll always wear these excellent hose once you really know what they save in time, trouble and comfort. Get them today and try them. Don't put it off.

Summer Sports "Show Up" Poor Hose

Ordinary 50c hose will not stand tennis, golf or baseball. It takes but a few plays to weaken them and a few more to bring holes. The "Holeproof" guarantee covers *six months' wear* and doesn't stipulate ordinary wear. Wear them at your games. They will last or we'll give you new hose free.

Here are a few of the facts about "Holeproof"—

We pay an average of 70c per pound for Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarn—the top market price. There is no better yarn produced. If there was we would buy it. The part that yarn plays in the *wear* of hose is played in "Holeproof" to the limit.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

From the day the first Holeproof Hose were sold our replacements have been less than 5%. 95% of the "Holeproof" output has always *outlasted* the guarantee. "Holeproof," costing four times to make what some hose cost, must keep up that standard or we must go out of the business.

We have had 38 years of experience. 26 years of it went into the very first pair of "Holeproof."

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, 899 Fourth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Can., Distributors for Canada

Tampico News Co., S. A., City of Mexico, Agents for Mexican Republic (200)

To Dealers There are a few territories in which the demand for "Holeproof" is waiting only for a live dealer. Perhaps you are located in one of them. Write for the "Holeproof" proposition. Learn the several unique features of our arrangement with dealers.

Are Your Hose Insured?

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. 1926

Carl Freschl, Pres.

Famous Edges

CUTLERY is one of the most difficult things to buy if you depend merely upon your own examination of the goods. You know how many times you have been disappointed in pocket knives, carving knives, razors or scissors. How, then, can you be sure of the quality of cutlery before you buy or try it?

Over 40 years ago a line of tools and cutlery was introduced in whose manufacture quality, perfect temper and perfect adjustment were the constant aim. This line of tools and cutlery was covered by an unconditional guarantee that if any edge should prove too hard or too soft, if any defect in quality of steel or adjustment should develop, the dealer was instructed to return the money without question. It is this quality and this guarantee that has made famous the name

KEEN KUTTER

Each article bearing the Keen Kutter trade mark is not only of the highest quality, but is perfected in every possible detail.

Keen Kutter scissors and shears, for example, are so accurately adjusted at the point that they require no side pressure to make blade meet blade throughout their entire length.

Keen Kutter pocket knives show the most careful selection of material and the finest workmanship in handle, lining, springs and rivets.

The Keen Kutter safety razor is the one best known by the fact that with it you can get the real sliding stroke, without which no razor can shave properly.

The Keen Kutter Junior razor, at $1.00, is the latest addition to the Keen Kutter line. In spite of its low price, the quality must be there, or it would not be covered by the Keen Kutter name, trade mark and guarantee.

If not at your dealer's, write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.)
St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."
—E. C. SIMMONS.
Trade Mark Registered.

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THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE

And Why She Won't Stay in the House

They Have Picked Up the American Habit of Extravagance in Clothes

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

WHEN half a dozen middle-class women meet together for intimate social discourse they usually fall upon two subjects of perennial interest: their children and their servants. When they arrive at the latter, these are some of the remarks that burst forth:

"My dear, I don't know what we're coming to! Maids nowadays have the one object of getting all they can out of you and doing as little as they can. Mine insists on going out every night of the week, although when I engaged her I distinctly said three nights. But she asked why she should have to stay in if I am home. Callers are not likely to come, and if they do they understand my going to the door myself. She says that as long as she doesn't stay out so late that she's unfit to do her work next morning she sees no reason why she should be shut up after she has been working all day. I do see her point of view—and besides, she'd leave if I didn't let her out every night."

"Mine is just saving up money for a chance to leave. As soon as she has enough she's going to take lessons in manicuring and massaging, just as if housework were not nicer than people's hair and nails! She'd earn only ten dollars a week even if she got a place—which doesn't follow—and she'd have to pay board too. When I pointed out how much more she'd make with me she said that if she took up manicuring her work would be over at half-past five, for one thing, and for another she wouldn't be a servant girl! And I am always telling her about the dignity of labor too. It ought to be put in their religion somehow."

"And the way they make the linen disappear! They'd just as soon use your best towels for dustrags as not. And so careless about ordering more cream than you need, and forgetting the most important item for the grocer, even when you write it down."

"And it's not only what you lose through their carelessness, but each new one has to have some special kind of a strainer, or sleeve ironer, or some article she can't manage without. And whatever is missing they all say the last girl destroyed."

"I engaged a new one yesterday, and the first thing she asked was where I put the broken dishes!"

"Oh, mine is worse than that. I showed her a family spoon, which is my pride, and told her it was a hundred and fifty years old. This morning I found her scraping the porridge pot with it—it was so old she thought it didn't matter."

"I've got a new-fangled English atomizer in which I keep perfume. I have noticed that with the arrival of each new girl it gets broken, so I showed the last one how it works. Of course the perfume soon vanishes, but anyway I don't have to repair the bottle."

More Tales of Woe From Mistresses

"MINE doesn't take things; but she'll go out on her day off and then one of her friends telephones me about six o'clock that she has a bad bilious attack and can't return home to get dinner. It's some party, of course."

"I had one girl—terribly incompetent and very affectionate. My husband got hopelessly cross over the bad cooking; and yet she wouldn't leave and she would cling. I paid her five dollars to go away."

"Mine stayed on full wages while we were all on a two weeks' vacation; and the minute we came home and paid her she left. Then I found she hadn't been cleaning the pantries and closets as I told her."

"They don't care anything about us. Even the incompetent ones have a sense of power over us, for they realize that however worthless they are some desperate woman is always willing to try them. They are good-natured enough, for they know they tax one's patience day by day; while the really competent ones who can do the work are so cross and sulky that it makes one shiver to go into one's own kitchen. They are exactly like successful actresses; they arrogate to themselves all privileges and outrageousness of temperament. I wish we could get automatons and be done with them all forever more."

What is said on the other side of the question is harder to learn, but it sifts to the ears of the mistresses through conversations overheard on trains and street cars, and through statements delivered second hand.

"And the boss came into the kitchen at ten o'clock, when I was entertaining company, and asked me to bring in some coffee and sandwiches. *She* wouldn't 'a' dared. I did it, but I told her next morning what I thought, and that I couldn't stay if it happened again. I guess she told him, for he ain't peeped since. Some men think all a girl is in the house for is to work all the time."

"My lady seems to think I like her to have company twice a week. She comes in and says smiling: 'Oh, Katie, isn't it nice! The Martins and their cousins are coming to dinner on Thursday. They are such pleasant people that I want to have a real nice dinner.'

"There's no use smiling back at her—if I did she'd bring company down on me three times a week—so I just say: 'Well, I don't see how I can get ready and serve more than three courses.' I know well she'll make it five, but I might as well let her see I won't stand for too much. It isn't as if it was my company."

Some Witnesses From the Kitchen

"MY LADY don't have much company, but she's always asking me to sew on a skirt braid or fix over a sleeve. Wasn't I the big fool to let her know I could sew? I should have said my machine belonged to my sister. I must say, though, she sometimes makes me a present."

"The woman I work for hangs around the kitchen too much, showing me how she wants things done. I want to do them my way—and, of course, I do when her back is turned. It'll be all the same in a hundred years. I told her one day, I says: 'The kitchen's my place and the parlor's yours.' I thought that would make her feel good and get her out from under my feet."

"Mine is real nice when I'm sick, and I'd like to 'a' stayed; but when I found I could get more money and be in the same neighborhood where all the other girls are, why then I decided to move, and she don't seem to think I treated her right at all."

"Oh, well, there's always something. I hate to be scolded when I'm doing my best. You'd think they'd make allowance when we're all working girls and they all have money."

When mistress and maid, intent on choosing each other, meet together in countless homes and employment agencies and philanthropic associations all over the country the following conversation takes place. The tone and phrasing of it may differ, but the substance is the same:

MISTRESS: Can you cook?

PROSPECTIVE MAID: Sure I can. (Or—Yes, madam.)

MISTRESS: I help with the upstairs work myself and I send most of the washing out, but there are a few things I have done in the house. I suppose you can manage them?

PROSPECTIVE MAID (dubiously): If there weren't too many of

"The Boss Came Into the Kitchen at Ten o'Clock, When I Was Entertaining Company, and Asked Me to Bring In Some Coffee and Sandwiches"

them I could; and, of course, I wouldn't get lunch any day I had to wash.

MISTRESS (hastily): Of course not, though if I got the lunch that would give you time enough to wash all the things I didn't give the laundryman. (Hurrying on before the maid can turn this over in her mind.) We have a family of five; but the work is very light for we have simple meals, though my husband insists on having his food well cooked. He likes maids of your nationality. You are—er—Scandinavian?

PROSPECTIVE MAID (firmly): Norwegian.

MISTRESS: Norwegian, to be sure. Of course you'd have Thursday off, and Sunday afternoons—unless we were having company.

PROSPECTIVE MAID (decidedly): I have to have Sunday afternoons off.

MISTRESS (hastily): Of course, as a rule. I hope you don't stay out late at night, and some nights I'd need you to stay home while my husband and I went out.

PROSPECTIVE MAID (suspiciously): Are your children small ones?

MISTRESS: Not too small. What wages do you expect?

PROSPECTIVE MAID (quickly summarizing the situation): Six dollars and a half (she sees a lightening in the face of her prospective mistress)—without washing.

Sometimes it is the maid who is the aggressive party, divining that the mistress is delicate or meek-spirited, or has not been able to find any one to help her.

MAID: Do you live in a house or a flat?

MISTRESS: A flat—seven rooms.

MAID: That's all right. I'd not work in a house; it's too hard.

MISTRESS: Your room has a private bath attached.

MAID: Sure. Any children?

MISTRESS: Two.

MAID: You have your washing done out, I s'pose? I have been in places where they said "Washing done out all but a few little things." You'd s'pose "little things" meant a towel or two or maybe a doily, but no, it meant about all the children's clothes.

MISTRESS (with a little spirit): If I say "no washing" I keep my word.

MAID: Sure. Only it's so easy to tell a girl just to wring out these little things for you. How much do you pay?

MISTRESS: Seven dollars.

MAID: I couldn't go under seven and a half. Not with two children in the house, I couldn't.

Why Americans Avoid Domestic Service

SUCH conversations would seem to show that the problem of the servant in the house is an individual problem, though it has also to do with a class. There are two classes of people untroubled by the servant question: the very rich, who deal with it vicariously through housekeepers whose business it is to see that the problem is kept out of sight, and the very poor, for whom it does not exist, since they wait on themselves. The people most deeply affected by it are those belonging to the various strata of the middle classes—from the wife of the hundred-dollar-a-month man, who tries to get a young girl to work for a home and a very little money, up to the woman whose husband can allow her a cook, a second girl and a laundress.

This is the class that should be most democratic, but it does not always seem to be so. It may be due to a lack of democracy that the servant question has largely ceased to relate to the American-born girl and is chiefly concerned with the foreigner, or it may be due to mere carelessness. But it is a fact that in the early days of America the servant in the house was looked on as part of the family, with her share in the family interest and with little if any sense of social isolation. Even today an occasional American girl, coming in from the country and taking a place with a city family, is surprised to find that she cannot sit at meals with the family, and that she is not expected to join in the conversation that goes on at table while she is serving. She learns that the average household helper in the city suffers from isolation; from lack of freedom, in that she is never sure when her work is really done; and from the social stigma. The circumstance that she receives good food and good wages does not atone for all this. The native-born American girl turns aside from the house as completely as she does from the factory, preferring the shop or the office. She gladly gives way to the foreign-born servant.

Most of the foreigners come from countries where service has an honorable distinction of its own and where, if the financial rewards are small, the human rewards are high. In Scandinavia, if a maid falls ill she is cared for in the home of her mistress and is not sent to some hospital. In Germany, if a maid marries her mistress is likely to do a great deal toward furnishing her marriage chest, with much of the interest she would feel in her own daughter's affairs. Such maids come to this country and soon learn our democratic—or undemocratic—ways. Sometimes they are well treated and sometimes badly treated; sometimes they are grateful and sometimes ungrateful—here again enters the individual problem of mistress and maid. But whatever their nationality and individual circumstances, in a few months they have forgotten their home traditions. They have picked up the language, if they did not know it in the beginning, and above all they have picked up the American habit of extravagance in clothes. They may or may not do their work faithfully, but they are rather likely to feel that it is the work of their mistresses and not their own, and to take for granted that the hours of real interest for them come in the evenings and on their days out.

Not all foreign girls are prone to enter domestic service. It is very rare to find an Italian girl at work in a home. She must be sheltered in her father's household, for the man who marries her expects her father to say truthfully that she has never been for a day from under careful supervision. If she works outside the home she goes to a clothing shop, escorted by other women, and is usually under the management of a woman overseer. The Jewish girls also rarely go out to service, because their sense of the family tie is so strong that they do not wish to be away from home in the evenings. If they are servants it is inevitably in the households of other Jews. Otherwise, like the Italians, they seek the tailor shop or the factory. The few French girls usually become lady's maids or else they emigrate with French families for whom they have already worked, who keep them as long as possible away from those American influences that would be destructive to the family comfort. Polish girls as a rule seek the factory. They often are unable to do housework well and are unaffected by the monotony of the factory work. Bohemians, too, enter the factory.

Our domestic servants are the Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Germans, Austrians, Swiss, Scotch, English and Irish, trained in their own country to housework. The Scandinavians seem to lead the household profession. In Chicago and its suburbs there are fifty thousand of them in service; in New York, however, there are not many more than sixteen thousand. These Scandinavians have a rather definite system of planting themselves in our country.

The Good-Natured Girl, Who Smashes the Best China With a Shriek of Amusement

In their own land they hear of our opportunities through newspapers and through letters from friends. They flock over here quite ignorant of the language and are led by their friends to registration offices. Plenty of mistresses can be found who will accept a beginner at three dollars a week and undertake to teach her to cook. The girl may be stupid or bright, but because she is ignorant of the language she acts as if she were stupid. Yet usually she learns the language rapidly, absorbs the American spirit even more rapidly, and by the time she acquires her first tailor-made suit she asks her mistress for a raise in wages, and, failing to get it, seeks another place.

The dullness she may have had to endure in her own sober country she atones for here by going to dance halls and shows. She usually marries one of her own countrymen, but not so early as if she were an American, for, like her countrymen, she wants to pay for her ticket, to send money home, to get plenty of splendid clothes, and finally to pay a visit to Scandinavia and impress her relatives and old friends. Then she is ready at twenty-eight or thirty to settle down with a man of from thirty to thirty-five. As a servant she generally cooks well, is clean and honest, true to what she considers her bargain, polite but impersonal, and in most cases without any deep attachment to the family she is serving. She looks at life from a hard, practical standpoint; her business is to get on, and she has no room for an emotion that might mean monetary loss. Except in the second generation, Scandinavians are not likely to enter a shop or an office, for they do not like to serve over a counter and they have no natural taste for typewriting.

German Maids Most in Demand

GERMAN, Austrian and Swiss girls are slower to learn the language and customs of this country than the Scandinavian girls, but even they become acclimated by degrees. They keep a strong regard for their own country, just as the Scandinavians do, but it is more sentimental than practical. They really prefer the American way. The Germans, indeed, cling if they can to German cooking, which is a different thing from American cooking; the Swiss are slow to give up the practice of doing their own sewing. The Austrians hold for some months their habits of putting their employers' personal inclinations before their own. But presently the German forgets that in her own country a record was kept by the police of her character and efficiency; the Austrian forgets the long hours of labor in her own land; the Swiss no longer remembers that at home she frequently did a man's work, and for all her virtues she is as cold as the Scandinavian. The girls of these nationalities are clean, honest, sometimes clumsy and sometimes not; they can learn to be good cooks if they are not good cooks already, and some of them take a pride in their housewifery. The Germans are most in demand, for to the Scandinavian, Austrian and Swiss virtues of cleanliness, honesty and adequacy they add the crowning virtue of an instinctive economy. But the day comes when they all buy tailor-made clothes and scorn to trim their own hats; they all make a study of how much the mistress will permit in regard to evenings off, free lunches for friends and the use of the telephone.

A Two-Dollars-a-Week Young Girl in a Boarding House Breaks an Alarm Clock and Her Mistress Deducts the Sum From Her Wages

The English, Scotch and Irish come to us equipped with a knowledge of our own tongue. The English girl assimilates the American customs more slowly than the girls of any other nationality. For one thing, she keeps her agreeable English voice with its respectful intonation, and even when she is standing on her own rights she does so pleasantly. Her mistress can generally rely on the national sense of fair play; if she grants a favor she is pretty certain to receive one in return. Naturally, the English maid has an eye to her own advantage, but she is able to see better than some of the other foreigners exactly in what that advantage consists.

As a servant the Scotch girl has much the same characteristics as her English sister. She is equally grateful for kindness and is willing to do heavy work, though she likes to have her duties strictly defined before she undertakes them. Both types have little moral and practical axioms by which they guide their domestic and business lives, much as they used to in Great Britain. They want everything that is their due, with as many privileges as possible thrown in; but they scarcely ever fail to give *quid pro quo*.

The Irish type is variable but never lacking in Celtic atmosphere. There is the maid with bad luck and grievances who spins long tales of how cruelly her own family has treated her; whose friends are always losing their money or dying, or meeting tragedy with an indissoluble embrace. She always sees the headlines in the newspaper that shout out accident and disaster.

There is the good-natured girl, who smashes the best china with a shriek of amusement and thinks it a splendid joke if she has forgotten to cook the roast. Sometimes both types have absorbed the American ideal of order and cleanliness, but frequently they keep the ideal of a "lick and a promise." In general, the Irish maid is quicker to assimilate American ways than any other kind of girl. She is the first to object to wearing caps; and when she has been in America two months she speaks patronizingly of new arrivals as "them poor greenhorns." If one of the greenhorns is a relative she will take her first day off to fit out the newcomer with American clothes, and will usually spend her own money doing it. For with all her natural sense of superiority and determination to get on, she is even more clannish than the Scandinavians; she wants all her Irish brethren to rise with her.

In a big way she is loyal and loving; if life could be a series of great crises the Irish would be the race to see them through. An Irish girl will rarely desert a family in time of sickness or of sorrow. She rejoices in time of joy, and takes a keen interest in all the family happenings. She really feels that she belongs.

These foreign-born servants seem adapted to the purse and disposition of almost every mistress, if one may judge from the number and variety of registration offices, varying from the very exclusive ones, which charge both mistress and maid a high fee, to those connected with charities and philanthropies, which not only charge nothing but try to be sure that the girl they are sending to a certain home is decent, and—what is more important—that the home she is being received into is decent. In the very exclusive registry the manager is likely to be a dignified person who treats both mistress and maid with distinguished courtesy. She will supply cooks for fifty dollars a month and up. She finds lady's maids from ten dollars a week up and parlor maids and upstairs maids at the same price. The mistresses who come to her rarely employ less than four servants. They are beautifully dressed, competent women, with so much money that they can afford to organize their houses almost perfectly by definitely subdividing the work. They or their housekeepers bring to the problem, if not trained minds, at least a definite understanding of what they want and the ability to pay well for it.

The maids have a professional air. They know that their work requires brains and they have brought their brains to bear upon it. That is why they get good wages. They have soft voices and respectful manners. They are going into houses where it will not do to shriek a question upstairs in order to save energy, and where loud laughter is as impossible in the servants' hall as in the drawing room. They dress simply and quietly, either in black or dark blue. It is in the two-dollar registry offices that big gay hats and violet or pink suits are to be seen. The high-priced maids have learned from their mistresses that well-cut clothes give them more distinction than a cheap cut and bright colors. They like to resemble their mistresses as closely as may be. With their work they are well content, because it brings them perquisites, an opportunity to save money, and practically as much chance for advantageous marriage as if they were in shops or offices.

At the other extreme are the free registries. Here service can be had as cheaply as a dollar and a half a week. It is very rare that any girl will work for a home and clothes merely; she always wants a few pennies between herself and the grave. To the free registries come the derelicts, old women who have earned a rest, but who must use the

(Continued on Page 29)

THE WAYS OF THE FATHERS

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK

ICH habe etwas zu sagen."

Magnificent in black broadcloth, uncomfortable in a stiff collar, Hans Heckendorn, successful baker, respected holder of property in the borough of Manhattan, laid his hand heavily on the chenille-covered table that separated him from his wife. Once they had lived in a little house and shop on Elliger Street; now their tremendous bakery was on Elliger Street, their shop was on Madison Avenue and they lived uptown.

Margaretta, equally gorgeous in black silk, laid down the book over which she was nodding. She was not fond of reading and she welcomed a discussion. When Hans announced in that tone and in German that he "had something to say," his remarks were sure to need opposition.

"My children," went on Heckendorn, still in his mother tongue—"my children are to be married."

"So?" answered Margaretta. The monosyllable began deep in her throat and ended against the roof of her mouth. She had provoking ways, had Margaretta.

"How many of them?"

"Hans"—he would never call the boy John—"Hans is twenty-seven, Elsa is twenty. They are to marry this winter."

"So?" responded Margaretta again. "And with whom shall they marry?"

Hans folded his hands over his gold watch-chain. It was as though he said: "Tomorrow we will bake rye bread."

"Hans is to marry Maria Nickisch from Berlin, and Elsa is to marry Heinrich Grimmelhausen from Berlin. I gave my word to Grimmelhausen that I would take his boy in my business. He can come out and he can bring Maria with him, and we can have a double wedding."

"So?" said Margaretta again. "And suppose John will not?"

"He will."

"Suppose he sticks to Lucia Maniago?"

Hans struck the table with all the weight of his great hand. He had been furious when he discovered that his son and daughter had kept up a friendship with the Italian Maniago family who had been their kindly neighbors in Elliger Street poverty. He descended suddenly to the plainest of English vernacular.

"She is a dago."

"She is not—she is an American."

"She would feed him on Italian mush!"

"He likes it better than sauerkraut. And Elsa—the young Maniago has admired her this long time. What if she won't give him up?"

"He does not work. He paints pictures. That is no work for a man. He ——"

Margaretta interrupted him. "He got a hundred dollars for a picture that he painted for a church window."

"He Does Not Work. He Paints Pictures. That is No Work for a Man"

"Be still!" cried Hans, again beating the table. "Their skin is dark, their eyes are too big, their hair is like that of Indians."

"That," said Margaretta, "is the young folks' business."

Hans rose. He had never been so angry with Margaretta in his life, not even when she refused to cut his hair because he would not carry up the coal.

"It is my business!" he shouted. "It was my father's business to marry me and it is my business to marry my children. I have made them what they are!"

"So?" Margaretta rose also. "I always thought I had a little to do with it."

"You have spoiled them!" cried Hans. "Now they shall go back to the old German ways."

"So?" said Margaretta again.

She went lightly upstairs to bed, expecting Hans to follow. But Hans sat heavily down at the secretary and began to write. She was tired, the idleness of Sunday always made her tired, and she did not realize that it was an hour before he lay down beside her. In that time he had carried two letters to the post-box across the street.

When she arose the next morning she hardly remembered their discussion. She and Hans had many such—they were the wine of life. And Margaretta won with a regularity that was monotonous. It was like playing a game day after day with an unskilled opponent. She said nothing about their conversation to young John, tall, blond, good-looking, who breakfasted with his father and mother. John was the brains of his father's business. Still less did she say anything to pretty Elsa who came down an hour later. Could she have chosen her son-in-law and daughter-in-law, she might not have taken the young Maniagos, but rather they a thousand times than the Grimmelhausen and the Nickisch! She and Hans had gone back to the fatherland once to visit. She remembered the children perfectly, the fat, homely Maria and the short, stolid Heinrich. She remembered also how their fathers and Hans had laughed and shaken hands when Hans had said, "The old stock for me!"

The old stock indeed! She had looked back at the little street where they had once lived between the Grimmelhausens and the Nickisches in a little, narrow house with a porcelain stove and one bedroom, where they had eaten black bread and had had meat but once a week! No old stock for her!

And the Maniagos were good young people. Lucia had learned to be a stenographer so that all the money might go to help her talented brother, and she had risen until she was head of all the stenographers in a large office. And Gabriele was honest and hardworking. He had already paid back the money that his parents had advanced him. Margaretta was hysterically amused at the thought of the Grimmelhausen and the Nickisch.

But her amusement did not last. That evening her husband told John and Elsa that he had selected partners for them, and there was a fearful scene. Good-natured, respectful John told his father that he was mad, at which the old man grew pale. Margaretta realized for the first time that he was an old man and she almost an old woman. Gentle Elsa omitted the good-night kiss for the first time in her life and was not reminded of it. No mention was made of the Maniagos. John had merely said that he would no more marry a Maria Nickisch than he would cut off his right hand; and pretty, delicate Elsa said that she would go and work in a factory rather than

look at a Grimmelhausen. It was late at night, but John went out, slamming the door. Poor Elsa cried until morning.

There had not been such trouble in the Heckendorn family since twenty years ago, when they had hid in the Elliger Street house for two days waiting for the officer to arrest Hans because he had said that the President was no good.

And that was not nearly so serious as this. Even if there had been an American law against *lèse-majesté*—she had discovered since that one had the blessed privilege of saying anything against anybody—they could have worked out their time in prison. But this war of father against children and children against father could never become peace. They had always been a devoted family and they loved each other and needed each other, all of which made the quarrel more cruel and bitter.

Young John showed his resentment by staying away from home. Occasionally he slept in the house and ate his breakfast there, but that was all. There was a room in the great baking establishment that had been fitted up for his use when times were busy; now he occupied it steadily. He got both lunch and dinner downtown, though the family car would have brought him home in ten minutes.

Elsa sulked. When her father was at home—and he was at home nearly all day—she kept her room. Margaretta said to herself that they were like three sullen children.

"You needn't think you can hold to such a thing, Hans," she protested. "Let them do as they like, Hans! Come, now!" Never had Margaretta coaxed like that before.

"They'll do as I say," answered Hans grimly, "or John can find another place and Elsa can work in her factory." His face was white, his gleaming eyes said that he was not to be reasoned with.

"But John can easily find another place," argued Margaretta. "John is a smart boy. And the young Maniago will not let Elsa work in any factory, of that you may be sure."

"Be still!" commanded Hans. "Would that we had never come to this country where children are taught to disobey! Not a word! Get thee to thy work! Christmas is next week."

Margaretta said to herself that it would be a gloomy Christmas. As she ordered the wreaths, and gave particular orders to the new cook about the roasting of the geese, and planned gifts for the family and the servants and the scores of employees, she began to grow impatient with Elsa and John. They knew perfectly well that their father could not compel them to marry the far-away Maria and Heinrich; this pose of offended dignity was ridiculous. She would tell them so. She did not often scold, but she would scold them now and persuade them to be patient with their father. Then they would all have a merry Christmas together and Hans' stern heart would soften.

But all her persuasions were in vain. John still did not come home; he said he was too busy. The larger part of the German population of New York depended upon the Heckendorn bakery for a certain delicious coffee-cake, and good, practical John attended to the mixing himself. His mother talked to him over the telephone, but the telephone is not a successful transmitter of motherly pleading. Elsa listened and wept and grew more and more unhappy, and Hans grew crosser and crosser.

It was on Christmas Eve that Hans made his astounding announcement. Young John had promised his mother faithfully that he would come home, but it was eight o'clock, nine, ten, and still he did not appear. Margaretta was amazed when her husband announced that he was going to bed, that they would not wait for John.

"But it is Christmas Eve!" she wailed. "We have not had our gifts! He is attending to your business, he ——"

"It makes no difference what eve it is," said Heckendorn in the doorway. "Tomorrow, at three o'clock in the afternoon, Heinrich and Maria are coming on the ship."

"Heinrich!" gasped Margaretta. "Maria! Maria who?"

"She that is to be Maria Heckendorn," said Hans; "and Heinrich whom Elsa is to marry."

"I will not marry him!" said Elsa.

"Then," said her father, "you will leave my house."

It was not until that moment that Margaretta and Elsa realized thoroughly that he meant what he said. Until now they had never believed that he would not relent. He seemed suddenly an alien to them both. Weeping, Elsa broke the news to John when he came in ten minutes later.

"So?" he said, like his mother. His engagement had been announced to his mother and sister; shy Elsa's was as yet only suspected. "Father must be losing his mind." At breakfast time he was gone.

At one o'clock he walked in breezily. Hans sat stern and white at the head of the table, Margaretta with tear-filled eyes at its foot. Between them Elsa wept silently. Across from her, her brother's place waited.

"Merry Christmas!" said John cheerfully.

"The same to you, my son," said Hans. "You are to go with me when dinner is over to meet Heinrich and Maria."

"Now, father"—John thrust aside the array of silver so carefully placed beside his napkin and planted his elbows on the table—"let us talk this over."

"That is right, John!" approved his mother. Her two best beds had been put in readiness for the visitors whom she hated already with her whole heart.

But Hans did not respond to friendly overtures.

"There is nothing to be talked about," he said. "You go with me to meet them in the automobile. I have given my word to Grimmelhausen and Nickisch. I did it years ago. I will not go back on it. If you do not like to stay here with Maria you can go away. And

"She is Not Your Woman," Answered Young Grimmelhausen

if Elsa does not wish to stay with Heinrich Grimmelhausen she can go away."

"Father!" cried John.

Heckendorn raised his hand.

"Be still!" he commanded. "You are not to bring any Ital——"

"Hans!" warned Margaretta. "Hans!"

"You are mad!" began young John.

"Hänschen!" cried poor Margaretta to her son. "It is Christmas!"

Young John sprang to his feet.

"I don't care what day it is!" he shouted. "I am not a child! Now I have something to say. I ——"

"Listen!" said Margaretta sharply. There was a noise in the hall and a rap on the door. The Heckendorn servants were the sons and daughters of employees; they were devoted and tactful. Pretty Rosie always knocked very loudly when household discussions were in progress. But this was the first quarrel the Heckendorns had ever had on Christmas Day. Rosie was quite pale.

"Here are the people from Germany," she said. Her amazement at her master and mistress gave place suddenly to uncomfortable, uncontrollable amusement.

"What!" cried Hans, as he sprang up. Then he fell back into his great armchair.

Standing in the doorway was Heinrich Grimmelhausen, gazing about him with stern blue eyes. His hair was long, his coat sleeves and trouser legs were short, he wore a tiny little cap. Behind him, clutching frantically at his coat tails with one hand, lugging a great bundle with the other and bearing on her head a small trunk, came Maria Nickisch, terrified far beyond the point of tears. If Heinrich had been tall and Maria had had a bright face they might have been Hans and Margaretta themselves twenty years before. Only one cannot believe that the neat Margaretta or any one who belonged to her could ever have looked so travel-stained, so unwashed, as did the newcomers. And facing them stood young John, tall as his father, immaculately clad in frock coat and the proper shade of gray trousers; and pretty Elsa, slender, exquisite in her blue dress, frightened also beyond the point of tears.

Stammering, appalled, Hans and Margaretta tried to welcome their guests. Suddenly John went forward.

"Here!" he said sharply in German. "Let me take that trunk!"

Heinrich Grimmelhausen put out his hand.

"Don't touch her!" he said with equal sharpness.

"Are you going to let a woman stand there with that thing on her head?" demanded John. "How dare you!"

"She is not your woman," answered young Grimmelhausen.

"How did you get to my house alone?" faltered Heckendorn senior. He sat still in his great armchair, his hands lying on the table. "When did you come?"

"The boat got in early this morning," answered Heinrich. "We found our way. Now we want to be married."

"Married?" repeated Hans.

"Oh, what shall we do!" wailed Margaretta in English.

"Nonsense!" said John.

Elsa gasped, then she crossed the room and took John's hand.

"Married?" repeated Hans again.

"Yes, married!" shouted young Grimmelhausen. It was evident that, however parental discipline might have ground him down, he retained a bit of temper.

"I gave my word," groaned Hans; "and I will keep it. But let us wait—let us wait just a few days."

"Not a day!" blazed forth young Grimmelhausen. "This is the land where we do as we please. We have never done as we please; we have obeyed our fathers and mothers. They said to us: 'You are to marry with the Heckendorns'; they sent us here. But we are not going to marry with the Heckendorns. We are going to marry each other. We don't care anything about your money. We don't care anything about you. We are tired of hearing about you. He looked at John, whose eyes rested for the moment on little Maria. Maria was a curious figure, with her trunk and her bundle. "You can't have her!" And then at Elsa, trembling within the circle of her brother's arm. "And you can't have me, you in the blue dress. I—I scorn you!"

"What!" Hans rose like Thor himself. "You dare to scorn my children, you, the son of a shoemaker ——"

Margaretta was laughing and crying.

"Listen to me!" she said. "Of course you shall be married. The first thing in the morning, as soon as we can get the license. Put down that trunk, Maria."

"Be still!" called Hans. "They have dared to scorn my children. They ——"

John seized one great arm and Elsa the other.

"Oh, my dear father!" began Elsa bravely; "I ——"

"They cannot scorn us, father," said John; "I was married to Lucia this morning."

"And I," faltered Elsa—"I am promised to Gabriele."

For an instant Hans stared at them. He looked sternly at young Grimmelhausen.

"Of course you are to stay here," he said. "I owe it to your fathers, who are my old friends. You may be playing a trick on them and on yourselves, but do not think you are playing one on us. It is my children who have scorned you." His German heart told him suddenly that this was no way to speak to guests. "Come," he said heartily; "let every one sit down. We will eat together. A good goose is a gift of God."

"A cold goose is not a gift of God," Margaretta said; "nor yet cold potatoes. We will have fresh things. And these young people must wash. And now, John, how soon can you fetch your Lucia in the automobile?"

"In twenty minutes," answered John promptly.

"Well, then, go fetch her," said Margaretta. "And Elsa ——"

Her husband took the words out of her mouth. He spoke sternly, but the sternness was rather for young Grimmelhausen, upon whom his eyes were fixed, than for his dearest child:

"Elsa can go too," he said; "and she can fetch her painter."

THE BILLYAD

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

For Well Our Hero Knew His Party's Tissue Was Simply Freezing for a Burning Issue

Book II

OUR HERO CONSULTETH THE AWFUL ORACLE OF SECOND-CLASS MATTER

Hush! In a sacred grove of slippery elm
There stands a temple by Potomac's flow.
Dark are its doors and dim,
Plain is its purpose grim,
For Politics there guides a troubled helm.
And in the floor below
A gaunt, gray Postman, with a tireless flail,
Thrashes the sacred bag marked U. S. Mail.
Smelled you yon fragrance from its cryptic damp?
The gummed aroma of the two-cent stamp
Proclaims its awful purpose, and you know
'Tis the Department of the great P. O.

Not e'en Doc Wiley's rankly chemic lair,
Acrid of saccharin and benzoate
And arsenated jellies, till the air
Resembles tar and tanbark saturate—
Not e'en Doc Wiley's den so 'whelms the sense
With thoughts, if not sublime, at least intense,
As this Department of the Postal Rate,
Where, owlish-wise beyond the Inner Gate,
Sitteth the Oracle of lofty rank—
The close-mouthed Hitchcock, whom the gods call Frank.

But Look! On the Turrets of Troy Stands Revealed A Whale of a Man With a Whale of a Shield

So hitherward, forgetful of his pride,
His eyes all downward thrust,
Robes trailing in the dust,
Came vast Taftonis with his careful guide.
What pen can limn the Oriental state
Through which they passed! Circassian walnut walls—
Which jealous Congress would investigate—
Gobelin tapestries enriched the halls;
And in each niche amazed Taftonis saw
The fairest art e'er fashioned out of straw:
Stately, gold-crusted, cunningly designed—
Waste-baskets of the Thirty-Dollar kind!

Lo, from a shrine in murky velvet cloaked
Rose a mysterious vapor, such as throbs
From campaign stogies passionately smoked
By office-seekers famishing for jobs.
And through the mist an awful head appears,
Pallid of eyes and rather pink of ears.
See! 'tis the Oracle, who fates can tell
By a card-index tab on Heaven and Hell!
"All-seeing Frank," Taftonis thus began,
"Getter of contributions safe and sane,
Thou who canst gauge a Presidential span
Or help the prophet Moore to forecast rain,
Into thy fateful mailbag deftly delve—
Give us a hunch on Nineteen Hundred Twelve."

Three rather decent earthquakes jarred the stones
As Delphic Hitchcock spake, midst horrid groans:
"How long shall periodicals go through—
The Long-Haul Boys—for less than postage due,
Raking the muck of Empire as they lope
And waxing fat on advertising dope?
O Magazines, so deep I hate thy race
I cannot look a news-stand in the face!
Now Bournes and Bristows on committees sit,
Hand me the gaff and throw the nimble fit—
How long, O Bill?——"
Whereat Taftonis cried:
"Cheese thy divine lament, O Party Pride!
More pressing things impend. I bid thee delve
Into the future. What of Nineteen Twelve?"

Friend Hitchcock sought the customary trance
And cleared his throat for weighty utterance;
Then, from his Delphic Dope Sheet on his knee,
Pulled forth this cloud-compelling prophecy:

"Bill, if the Party you'd save from destruction,
Go make a noise like a Tariff Reduction.
Little Boy Bill, go blow your own horn;
Let the steel tariff stand, but reduce it on corn:
Kick a large hole in the old Tariff Wall
In a place where a hole doesn't matter at all—
And thus you will prove what a popular thing
Is the popular move of a Popular King."

Thus spake the Oracle and turned away,
Pulled down the blinds and closed up for the day.
William, departing, said: "I see! I see!
Those Delphic words mean Reciprocitee!
Hilles, the whetstone! Grind my snickersnee—
And watch the Big War Drama played by me!"

TAFTONIS MEETETH SIR WILFRID AND SHAKETH THE RECIPROCAL SHAKE

Ere morning's rosy beam
Had crossed Potomac's stream
And tipped with light Nick Longworth's marble dome,
Taftonis sped away
To far-off Canaday,
To meet the great Sir Wilfrid in his mystic border home.
For well our Hero knew his Party's tissue
Was simply freezing for a Burning Issue,
And plainly he had seen
That the G. O. P. Machine
Required, for deeds of conquest and avengin',
Some mechanical improvements
In the way of campaign movements
And the latest style Reciprocating Engine.

'Midst the Canadian Border's lofty trees
Taftonis paused and whistled to the breeze.
He whistled twice,
He harkened thrice—
An answer came
As clear as ice—
As clear as ice which, 'midst Kentuckian grasses,
Tinkles athwart the early julep glasses:

He's Nearest to Perfection in That Season of Probation Which Precedes the Next Election

And from the English side across the wall
Sir Wilfrid loomed, baronial and tall.

Taftonis cried, Ohio-wise: "Hullo!"
Sir Wilfrid called: "I say, old top—what ho!"
Whereat the noble pair
Struck hands with furtive air,
And o'er the boundary line spake long and low
Such words of dark import
As pallid comets snort,
Or such as, big with fate, with thought immense,
Janitors whisper o'er the back-yard fence.

So soft they muttered in secretiveness
That gents of the Associated Press,
Who lurked, disguised as fauns, by rocks and trees,
Had to lean forth and murmur: "Louder, please!"
Such scraps as "This goes up!" and "That goes free!"
"God bless the farmer!" "What of Schedule G?"
Rose dimly now and then
To those news-hungry men
Who listened, eager, with uplifted pen.

They spake of kings and cabbages and flax,
And carded wool and art and sealing-wax—
The usual batch of undigested stuff
With which the Tariff Fans adorn their guff.
At last the talk was over and the twain
Clasped in the Clutch of Peace with might and main.

"As Guard Against all Harm, I Give to Thee This Magic Shield of Reciprocitee!"

And this to Buxom Bill
Exclaimed the good Sir Wil:
"As guard against all harm, I give to thee
This Magic Shield of Reciprocitee!"
(The very heavens shivered
As this Emblem he delivered.)
"Promise you won't annex us, O my friend,
And Canada is with you to the end."

Bill promised and departed. In a tree
A melancholy jaybird murmured: "Chee!
Canada's with him—but, by all the goats,
If William cops the pennant
As the future White House tenant
He'll never get there on Canadian votes!"

IRRELEVANT POEM FOUND PINNED TO THE SHRINE OF TRUTH, JUST BACK OF THE TREASURY BUILDING

A Constructive Politician is a noble man indeed!
To Wrong he's scarcely civil and for Righteousness he'll bleed;
But I've very often noticed that he's nearest to perfection
In that season of probation which precedes the Next Election.

TAFTONIS SEEKETH TO RECIPROCATE WITH THE INSURGENTS, BUT THEY INSURGE THE OTHER WAY

With greatest strenuosity
Taftonis homeward heeled,
With the legend "Reciprocity"
Loud-burnished on his shield.
That legend, "Reciprocity,"
Caused scads of curiosity.
The skies rained ink around that word which Buxom Bill did wield.
Some yelled: "Hurrah!"
Some spluttered: "Pshah!"
Yet others simply squealed.

"Disciples of Progressiveness,
Come hitherward, I pray—
Done is the dank oppressiveness
Which held us once in sway.
Behold! this Reciprocity
Shall strangle animosity—
Insurgent bands, come join us 'neath the sacred sign today!"
So Bill did urge;
But no Insurge
Came surging William's way.

"Come hither, Clapp and Murdock!
Why do ye still abide
Beneath the shady burdock,
Nor linger at my side?
Doth not my Reciprocity
With thrilling strenuosity
Reduce the rate on lima beans from off the Tower of Pride?"
"Who wants to bust
The Farmer Trust?"
Those Insurrectos cried.

"Come hither, mighty Cummins,
And harken to my lay!
This is our final summons—
The last call to the fray.
The Tariff, which you think a bit
Too fat, we're going to shrink a bit—
We'll cut it down from A to Z, with stress on Schedule K."
But the Senator responded: "Humph!
You once defended on the stump
That wild and woolly schedule which you persecute today."

(Continued on Page 27)

ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL. B.

OF THE NEW YORK BAR

His Autobiography Revised and Edited by Arthur Train

V

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE firm of Gottlieb & Quibble had not been long established before—quite by chance—a new vista of opportunity opened before us. My partner had a wretched client who, not unlike many others, would go to more pains and trouble to steal a dollar than it would have taken him to earn twenty. This, I have noticed, is a general peculiarity of lawbreakers. The man's name was McDuff and my partner had defended him on several occasions and had got him off, with the result that he was always hanging about the office and asking if this or that were "within the law." One fine day he was arrested on the charge of having obtained money by false pretenses in a unique manner.

It appeared that he had learned through a certain bartender that one Jones, a patron of the place, had but recently come into a legacy of a couple of hundred dollars and, in connection therewith, had imbibed so freely that he had become involved in a fist fight with a gentleman by the name of Holahan and had done the latter considerable facial damage. McDuff pondered upon these facts for some time over his beer and then set out to find Jones—not a difficult task, as the legatee was making a round of all the near-by saloons and endeavoring to drink up his good fortune as rapidly as possible. Overtaking him in a side street, McDuff grasped him roughly by the shoulder.

"Look here, Jones," says he, pretending to be an officer; "I have a warrant for your arrest for committing a battery upon Thomas Holahan. You must come along with me to the station house."

"What! For me!" cries Jones in an agony of dismay. "Sure, I did nothing to the man. You're not going to lock me up for that!"

"It's my unpleasant duty," answers McDuff. "An officer has no choice in the matter. You must step along."

"Come, come!" replies Jones, pulling his money from his pocket. "Here's a hundred and fifty dollars. Say you couldn't find me!"

"I would be taking a great risk," responds the supposed officer. "Have you no more than that?"

"I have my gold watch and chain," returned Jones. "You can have them and welcome—only let me go!"

The bargain was struck then and there and the transfer from Jones' pockets to those of McDuff effected. Unfortunately, however, Jones next day discovered that Holahan harbored no ill will against him and that the supposed officer was nothing of the kind. Rising in his wrath, he in turn procured a warrant for McDuff and caused his arrest and indictment. The trial came off and despite Gottlieb's best efforts his client was convicted by the jury of stealing Jones' watch, chain and money by falsely representing himself to be an officer of the law. The case went on appeal to the Supreme Court, which affirmed the conviction, and there seemed no escape for McDuff from a term in prison.

One evening Gottlieb and I got talking about the case among other things.

"I Have a Warrant for Your Arrest. You Must Come Along With Me to the Station House"

"How is it," said I, "that the criminal law will step in and give a man back his money when, under precisely the same circumstances, the civil law will let him whistle?"

"What mean you by that?" asked my partner.

"Why," answered I, "the civil law will not settle disputes between thieves, it will not enforce an equitable division of stolen property, and it will not compel rogues to keep a dishonest contract between themselves. Now this fellow, Jones, it seems to me, was almost as bad as your friend McDuff. He tried to induce a man he thought was a sworn officer of the law to violate his oath and disregard his duty. Why should the criminal law do anything for him? Why should it hand him back his money as if he were an innocent and honest man?"

"It is an ingenious argument," replied Gottlieb, scratching his ear; "and yet it is poppycock for all that. The criminal law is to punish criminals. According to your reasoning, two wrongs would make a right and two thieves one honest man. Would you let McDuff go unpunished simply because he was clever enough to induce Jones to try to break the law as well as himself? Why, any judge would laugh you out of court on such a proposition."

"But," I retorted, "surely, if I gave you a hundred dollars for the purpose of bribing a judge and you failed to accomplish your purpose, no court would assist me to recover the money. 'Twould be against public policy and *contra bonos mores*."

"Even so," answered my partner, "would it not be more *contra bonos mores* to let a thief go unpunished, once he had been arrested? Take my word, Quib, there's nothing in it," insisted Gottlieb warmly. "For instance, there is the crime against usury—a very foolish law to be sure, but there it is. No one can commit usury unless some one else participates in the offense by paying the unlawful interest; but the usurer does not escape on that account. Why, then, should the false pretender in our case?"

"I admit the force of your analogy," said I, "and I could easily suggest others myself. Bribery, for instance; extortion and many other offenses, where the law does not refrain from punishing the one because the other is equally guilty. But the cases differ in that, in bribery, the briber is seeking to influence the acts of an official; and, in extortion, the law imputes an element of force which is supposed to overcome the will of the person paying the money. I am not so clear on your usury. Still, I believe there is a fair fighting chance to win the case on my theory."

"If you think so," grumbled Gottlieb, "you had better argue it yourself before the Court of Appeals."

"Very well," said I. "Nothing will give me greater pleasure."

It was with some trepidation, however, that I went to Albany to argue, before so august a body of judges, a proposition of law that had in reality so little to commend it, particularly as I was opposed in person by the district attorney of New York County—a man of great learning and power of sarcasm. However, I found the Court of Appeals much interested in my argument and had the pleasure of hearing them put many puzzling questions to my opponent, in answering which he was not always altogether successful.

Pending the opinion of the Court, which was not handed down for several months, an incident occurred in our practice that may serve to amuse the reader if not to illustrate the dangers of ignorance. We were engaged in a litigation in the United States District Court, where the subpœnas for the witnesses are issued by the clerk to the deputy marshals for service. Our opponent in the case was a testy old member of the bar over sixty years of age and of the very highest respectability and standing, who had several times refused elevation to the bench and who was regarded as the personification of dignity and learning.

Unfortunately his appearance belied his position, for he was almost totally bald and his face was as weazened and wrinkled as that of a monkey.

It so happened that we desired to have in court the following day certain papers that were in his possession; and, in order that we might be in a position to introduce copies of them in case he failed to produce the originals, we secured what is called a *duces tecum* subpœna for him that is to say, a subpœna directing him to bring with him *duces tecum* "bring with you"—the papers in question. There had recently been appointed as a deputy marshal a very honest and enthusiastic but exceedingly ignorant Irishman named Hennessey, who, prior to his advent into officialdom, had been employed at heaving coal at a dollar and eighty cents a day. The clerk called him into his office and handed to him our subpœna.

"Mike," he said, "here is a subpœna for Winthrop Van Rennsellaer" our worthy opponent. "It is a *duces tecum*. Understand?"

"Shure I do!" answered Mike, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand and taking the paper; for, though he had no idea what *duces tecum* meant, he had nó intention of disclosing that fact.

"It's important," continued the clerk. "Be sure and attend to the matter at once."

"Lave that to me!" Mike assured him

"Don't forget that it's a *duces tecum*," admonished the clerk as Mike passed out of the door.

"Not on yer life!" replied the newly appointed deputy.

Outside he found a fellow deputy, also newly appointed.

"Pat," said Mike, holding out the subpœna, "phat is the meanin' o' thim two wurrds?"

His friend carefully examined the paper.

"'*Duces tecum*,'" he repeated thoughtfully. "'*Dooces taycum*.' They be Latin wurrds meanin' 'take him alive or dead.'"

"Thanks," said Mike. "Trust me!"

And he started forthwith for Wall Street, where Mr. Winthrop Van Rennsellaer's office was located. Having ascertained by inquiry that his quarry was in, Mike pushed by the clerks and scriveners in the outer offices and, armed with the majesty of the law, boldly forced his way in to the lawyer's sanctum. Marching up to him, he demanded in a loud voice:

"Are you Van Rennsellaer?"

The lawyer, exceedingly astonished, replied with what dignity he was able to assume under the circumstances:

"I am Mister Winthrop Van Rennsellaer."

"Come wid me!" ordered Mike.

"I shall do nothing of the kind!" retorted the lawyer, getting red in the face.

"Y' won't, eh?" exclaimed the deputy; and, grasping Mr. Winthrop Van Rennsellaer by his linen collar, he yanked him out of his chair and, to the horror of the servile supernumeraries in the lawyer's employ, dragged that eminent member of the bar through his own offices, down the stairs and into the street.

The lawyer protested loudly at the indignities to which he was being subjected and a large crowd gathered, which for the time being blocked Broadway. Mike, confident that he had the authority of the United States Government behind him, exhibited his badge, called upon the police to assist him in the exercise of his duty, and proceeded triumphantly to march Mr. Winthrop Van Rennsellaer, hatless, up the street at the head of a large and enthusiastic procession of interested citizens. From time to time Mike would turn and call upon the crowd to disperse, at the same time announcing in a loud voice that he had arrested his prisoner by an order of the Government to take him alive or dead.

By this time the lawyer's little round head was glowing a bright red and his legs almost refused to carry him. Once they had arrived at the Post-office Building the mistake was quickly discovered and Mr. Van Rennsellaer was set at liberty; but each and every United States judge had to descend in his robes from the bench and implore his pardon before the furious little lawyer would consent to call a cab and return to his office.

I understand that he always believed that the whole thing was a trick of Gottlieb's to humiliate him; and, indeed, some members of the bar have suspected me of the same thing—entirely without justification, of course. During the rest of his exceedingly distinguished career one had only to mention the words *duces tecum* in the presence of Mr. Winthrop Van Rennsellaer to deprive him instantly of his composure; in fact, for a long time he abandoned appearing in court and contented himself with nursing his dignity in his office. I should add that the incident so affected his confidence the next day in court that we won our case without difficulty.

But to return to the unfortunate McDuff. To my great astonishment, and still more so to that of my partner, the Court of Appeals handed down an opinion sustaining my contention and holding his client's conviction to be illegal. That night Gottlieb and I, sitting in his office, shook our sides with laughter at the idea of having hoodwinked the greatest court in the state into a solemn opinion that a rogue should not be punished if at the same time he could persuade his victim to try to be a rogue also! But there it was in cold print. They had followed my reasoning absolutely and even adopted as their own some of the language used in my brief. Does any one of my readers doubt me, let him read the report of a like case in the forty-sixth volume of the reports of the Court of Appeals of New York, at page four hundred and seventy.

Said the Court: "The prosecutor"—Jones—"parted with his property as an inducement to a supposed officer to violate the law and his duties; and if in attempting to do this he has been defrauded the law will not punish his confederate, although such confederate may have been instrumental in inducing the commission of the offense. Neither the law nor public policy designs the protection of rogues in their dealings with each other, or to insure fair dealing and truthfulness, as between each other, in their dishonest practices. The design of the law is to protect those who, for some honest purpose, are induced upon false and fraudulent representations to give credit or part with their property to another, and not to protect those who, for unworthy or illegal purposes, part with their goods."

"Why, Quib," quoth Gottlieb, "you are the discoverer of a new legal principle. You will inaugurate a new field of human activity. Generations yet unborn will profit by your ingenuity. From now on every rascal in the land will set his wits to work trying to bring his schemes within the scope of this beneficent opinion."

"Indeed," I replied, "however fine it may be for McDuff, I can easily see that I have unloosed as many troubles as ever flew out of Pandora's Box."

"Yes—but to our profit," he retorted, with a grin. "Don't forget that. The inventors will all come flocking straight to us to get them out of their difficulties—you may be sure of it!"

"'Tis extraordinary," I said, "what a multitude of opportunities this new principle enunciated by the Court of Appeals affords to a man of an inventive turn of mind. As I take it, all one has to do is to induce another to part with his money in the belief that he is going to take a sharp advantage of some one else. For example, let us suppose that I go to some person and falsely tell him that I have a client serving a term in Sing Sing for burglary who has confided to me the whereabouts of the secret hiding-place of his loot. All that is necessary is some one to put up sufficient money to cover the expense of transportation and excavation—and it can be divided between us. For this purpose he intrusts me with several hundred dollars, with which I make off. I have stolen the money fast enough, but I can never be punished for it."

"Exactly!" exclaimed my partner. "And here is another idea that is well calculated to appeal to almost anybody. It has just occurred to me quite involuntarily while you were speaking. Many of our clients want to know if they cannot send the judge who is trying their case a present of some sort, or maybe loan him a little money; and it is always distressing to be obliged to tell them—usually—that it is quite out of the question; that it would only get them into trouble. Of course occasionally we let them send the judge a box of cigars, *but always with the compliments of our adversary—never our own.* Now this shows how readily persons who are mixed up in lawsuits or other difficulties would be ready to put up their money if they supposed the judge were going to get it. All you need is some unscrupulous fellow to go to one of our clients and mention the fact that he is the judge's brother-in-law and is in dearth of ready money. Can't you see the client digging up the needful? He'd be stuffing it down our friend's pockets before he got through speaking; and the whole thing could be done quite openly, you observe, because, even if the client found out later that he had made a mistake, the law would not help him."

"An excellent illustration," I answered, "of the uses to which a legal decision may be put."

"Indeed, though," continued Gottlieb, "the scheme need by no means be as raw as all that. It is enough if there be merely an immoral or improper motive that induces the victim to part with his money. For example, if he but thinks that he can do a sharp trick to some one else. Let us suppose that I pretend to have secret information to the effect that certain property is really much more valuable than the owner supposes it to be. I propose to another that—if he will put up the money for that purpose—we shall buy the property, leading the owner to suppose that he is getting full value for it. Now if, to induce the latter to make the sale, it is agreed between us that we make false or misleading statements as to the real value of the property I do not see but that I would be perfectly safe."

"Safe?" I queried. "I don't understand. You would have bought the property, that is all."

"My dear Quib," returned my partner, "you seem singularly dull this evening for one of such brilliant parts. The point is that the property really isn't worth anything. I am in cahoots with the man who sells it, and we divide even!"

"Yes," I answered; "a dozen similar schemes could be worked like that."

"A dozen!" cried Gottlieb, bounding enthusiastically out of his chair and commencing to stalk up and down the room. "A hundred! Why, there are endless ways in which it can be worked—and I know the man to work them too!"

"Eh!" I exclaimed.

"I mean, who will undoubtedly avail himself of some of them," he corrected himself. "Take this case: It is a crime under the law to give back or rebate part of the premium on a life insurance policy. Now many a man could be induced to insure his life if he could get back the first year's premium. All you have got to do is to tell him that you are an insurance agent and will give it back—and then put the money in your own pocket, for he will have given you the premium for an illegal purpose—that is to say, with the idea of having it paid back to him contrary to law. Under this beneficent decision he will have no chance to get you arrested."

"Never say that you are not a man of ingenuity yourself," said I.

I bade my partner good night and walked slowly homeward meditating upon the wonders of the law, but totally unconscious of what a harvest was to be reaped from the seed I had sown so innocently.

It was but a short time after this that, happening to enter the office somewhat unexpectedly one evening, I discovered Gottlieb in animated converse with a stockily built man of about forty years of age, whose coal-black hair—by far his most conspicuous feature—had been suffered to grow quite long and was parted evenly in the middle, so that it gave him somewhat the appearance of the hooded seal that was then on exhibition at P. T. Barnum's museum. He had a good-humored face, jet black eyes and a familiar, easy way with him that put one on a friendly footing at once.

"Hello, Quib!" exclaimed my partner. "I want you to meet my friend, Charlie Billington."

"Delighted to meet you, Mister Quibble," cried the stranger, grasping my hand. "Our friend Gottlieb

(Continued on Page 34)

Grasping Mr. Winthrop Van Rennsellaer by His Linen Collar, He Yanked Him Out of His Chair

OUR CANADIAN COUSINS

The History of a Railroad Triumvirate

By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

THE United States had about forty million people before it had a single transcontinental railroad—and that extended only from Omaha to the Pacific. It was made transcontinental only by connections

Yet, when Canada had less than five million people she had a complete transcontinental line running from ocean to ocean. Today, with only about seven million five hundred thousand people, Canada has another great transcontinental line almost completed and still a third one in process of speedy construction.

Within two years—or, at the very outside, within three years—Canada will have three great railway systems connecting her Atlantic and Pacific ports and pouring into the markets of Europe and the Orient the great and ever-swelling products of her fields and forests, her factories and her mines.

What incredible boldness for a people so few in numbers to undertake so mighty a task! What a high and daring faith in the future! What a firm and courageous trust in their country, still little occupied! What a certainty that their Canada soon and surely will be peopled with abundant millions of strong, industrious, honorable and patriotic men and women!

Lower Kicking Horse Cañon Near Golden, on the Canadian Pacific Railway

I speak of this Canadian railway building, unparalleled in history under such circumstances, as being the undertaking of the Canadian people; for, at bottom, it is that. The story of the plans for and the building of Canadian railways is epic in its bigness. In its vast hazard it has something of the heroic. And in the final analysis it is the plan and deed of the Canadian people.

For Canadian railway building is a part of Canadian nation building—and this not only in the commercial and material sense but in the political sense. In Canada's resolve to make of herself a nation she encountered some of the difficulties the fathers of our Republic faced in getting our various states to come into the Union.

Bridging a Vast Wilderness

THE political Canada of today began by the passage through the British Parliament of the British North America Act, which is Canada's written Constitution. Broadly speaking, it provided for a union of all the independent Canadian provinces into one supreme National Government; but these provinces, like our states, were afflicted by that small, shortsighted unwisdom that always holds back from every great and simple thing.

So Canada's new National Government had to agree to many things, such as the assumption of the debts of the separate provinces, the payment to each one of a bounty of so much a head for every inhabitant, and so forth. By far the most important was the building of railways.

One condition that the provinces bordering on the Atlantic exacted from the new National Government was the building by the National Government of a railway that should connect the Atlantic ports with the great and more populous regions of Ontario and Quebec. This is the region traversed by the Intercolonial Railway, now more than two thousand miles long—including sidings—built, owned and operated at this moment by the Canadian Government

In exactly the same way the building of the Canadian Pacific was the great consideration that induced British Columbia to come into the Canadian union in 1871—and how this road was built succeeding paragraphs will tell.

So we see that, from the very first, Canadian railway enterprise was, in the heart of it, a political affair. In a broader way Canada's other great railway projects also have been matters of statesmanship as well as of business. This is true even of the Canadian Northern, which is most nearly a private road in our American sense of the term—and, as you shall see, strikingly true of the National Transcontinental, now being constructed with feverish haste.

Literally Canada is being bound together with bands of steel. She is determined that transportation and commerce shall give to her widely separated people the unity and solidarity of a smaller country. Rightly or wrongly, she feels that she is the natural highway of the world's commerce from east to west.

Her route from the Atlantic to the Pacific by way of Vancouver is a week or ten days nearer the Orient than our American routes via San Francisco; and the distance from the eastern ports to the Orient by way of the National Transcontinental is much shorter than the Canadian Pacific route.

Then, too, in the binding together of her people Canada has a physical obstacle to overcome as unique as it is tremendous. Coming right down through the middle of the Dominion, separating her eastern half from her western half, is an enormous territory as yet unpeopled and most of which probably never can be peopled.

From the Great Lakes on the south clear through to Hudson Bay and the Arctic Circle on the north, and from within two hundred miles of Ottawa on the east and at least the same distance from Winnipeg on the west, extends a region of rock and water, of swamp and morass. Though bold dreamers prophesy that some day physical changes may occur that will render this wilderness habitable, it is not so now and cannot possibly be for scores of years to come.

If this is not bridged, of course, these two halves of Canada are more perfectly separated than as if a mighty arm of the sea a thousand miles wide stretched from the Arctic Ocean to the Great Lakes. But Canada says that this shall be bridged.

Indeed, already it has been bridged and perfectly by the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern; and now an even better bridging of it is being accomplished in the National Transcontinental, which runs over what at the present time are the only portions of it that at places are habitable and productive.

So we can see how thoroughly political considerations, in the great sense of that term, enter into Canadian railway construction.

Bearing this in mind, we can understand the immense governmental aid of various kinds that Canadian railway building has received. Indeed, this important phase of the subject goes back to earlier times. Before the present Dominion was formed, railway building began in the eastern provinces. The governments of one or two provinces built roads themselves.

All but one of them granted lavish subsidies of money and land to railway enterprises. In the eighteen years before the present Dominion was formed in 1867, these eastern provinces spent sixty-one million dollars in developing two thousand two hundred and twenty-four miles of railway.

They went through the same process, you perceive, that our states passed through in the reckless early days of American railroad building.

There was no difference, except that our plunging was more extensive and indifferent of consequences than that of the Canadian provinces. Yet, though in public aid of all kinds we have spent ten dollars to Canada's one dollar, Canada has spent, for each person, twenty dollars to our one in aiding and building railways.

All Americans, of course, know the unpleasant history of the building of our first so-called transcontinental road, the Union-Central Pacific—the astounding land grants and guaranties, the amazing privileges, the shocking scandals. All this was contemporaneous with the formation of the present Dominion of Canada.

Who does not remember the "Crédit-Mobilier" year, when lifetime reputations were blasted? Government aid, in land grants and other forms hitherto unheard of in history, had been given to the railway company for the building of this transcontinental line.

The railroad company gave the contract for building it to men who really constituted a company themselves; and the American public yet remembers the millions of dollars between the actual cost of construction to the construction company and the amount which the construction company charged and received.

The Union Pacific scandals entered into national politics, though not in the way by which the Canadian Pacific scandal entered into Canadian politics. With us it was influential public men whom the promoters of this enterprise sought to involve and some of whom were involved by actual "purchase" of stock.

Indeed, the period of American railroad building was at that time, and for years and even decades after, a period of corruption and scandal. And the beginning of this was the immense Government aid of one kind or another, from nation, state and municipality, that was accorded to railroad projects.

The Story of the Canadian Pacific

CONSIDER, then, the practical part which Canada's governments, national and provincial, have played in Canadian railway construction. The story shall be merely a brief outline, although it is dramatic enough for a volume by itself—and a picturesque volume at that. I weary you even with this brief outline only that we may more perfectly understand how Canada is handling the railway problem today—only that we may know whence spring the roots of the almost unlimited powers and direct, simple and effective operation of the Canadian Railway Commission at the present time.

First, then, of the Canadian Pacific. The Canadian Government at first tried to induce the Grand Trunk, at that time the most considerable road in Canada, to build this line to the Pacific Ocean.

The Grand Trunk, however, would not do it. Its directors and managers appear to have lacked that youthful faith, imagination and daring which through all history have been the elements that have done things—builded nations, fought wars, constructed railroads.

So the new Dominion Government began the work itself. It built seven hundred miles of this road which had been promised to British Columbia; but it was not an easy matter to go forward with the thousands of miles yet to be constructed.

For years before the final agreement was made between the Canadian Government and the Canadian Pacific syndicate in 1881, under which the Canadian Pacific Railway finally was built, the Government was trying to induce private persons or corporations to construct it.

Also, it developed that private persons and corporations were quite as much trying to "induce" the Government to let them build the road on terms resembling those granted by our Government to the Union-Central Pacific venture. Out of this grew Canada's transcontinental railway scandal. The Canadian Pacific scandal is as well remembered in the Dominion as the Union Pacific scandal is remembered in the Republic.

For, though our Union Pacific scandal blasted reputations and even sent men to their graves, the Canadian Pacific scandal overthrew a Government.

From the birth of the Dominion of Canada in 1867 to 1896, Sir John Macdonald, at that time Canada's ablest but also most "practical" statesman, was the Canadian Premier, at the head of Canada's Government, except for only five years. The downfall of himself and his party during these five years was caused by the Canadian Pacific scandal.

In 1872 occurred the first general regular election under Canada's new form of government. The party in power was stoutly attacked in that campaign, but great money resources appeared in its behalf. It was successful. And the following year the Canadian Pacific Railway secured a charter from Parliament, with assurance of Government aid running into the millions.

Then came the exposure. It was discovered that the president of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company had given three hundred and fifty thousand dollars to Premier Macdonald's campaign fund. Macdonald's resignation instantly followed and for five years he and his party were in eclipse. Only his immense ability, daring and resourcefulness ever brought him to the front again. Had Macdonald not been a Disraeli—whom he resembled—a genius, he would have been destroyed.

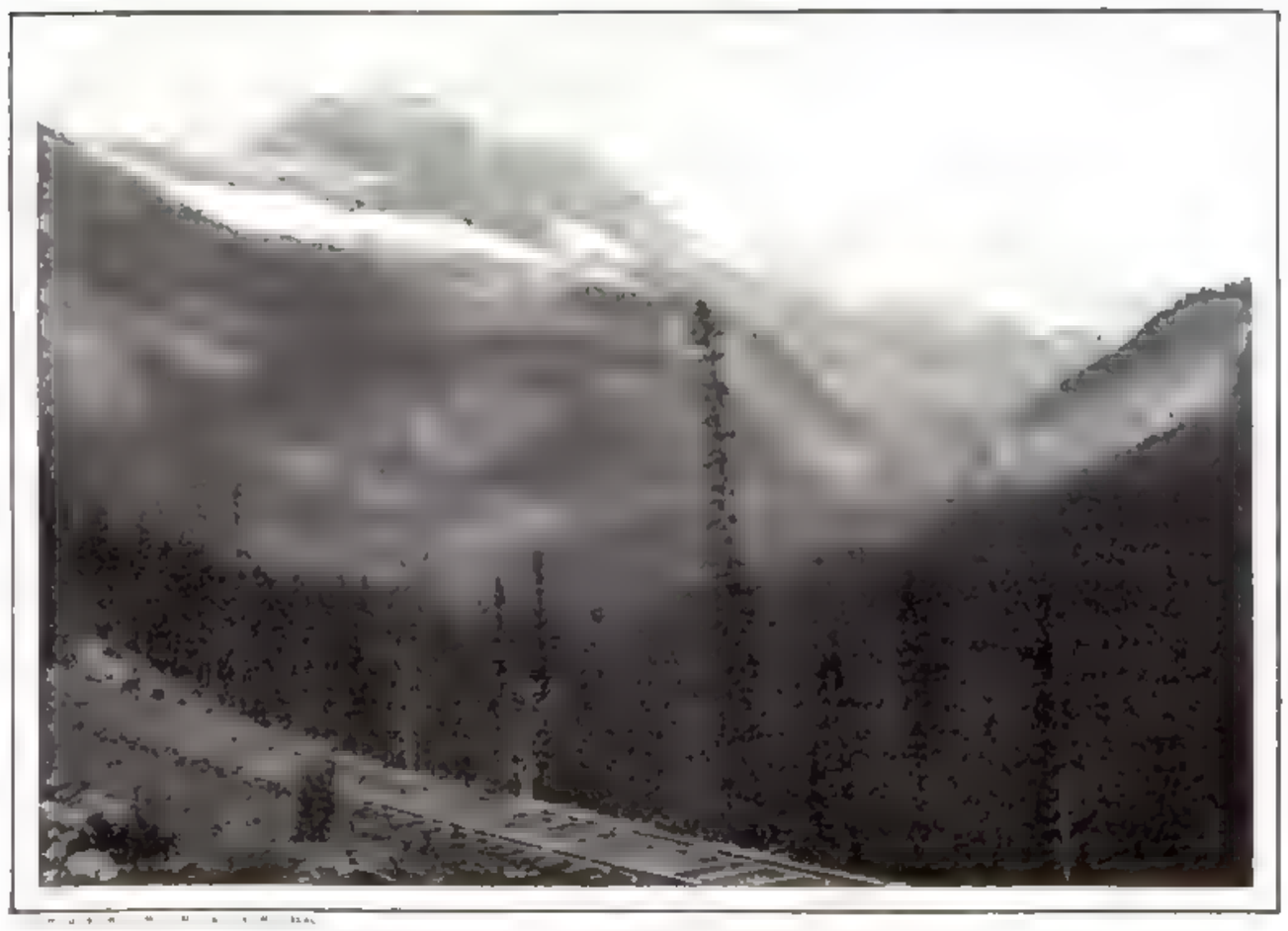
So you see that in the arrangements for her first transcontinental line Canada had her railway scandal, just as we had ours in the building of our first transcontinental line.

British Columbia, however, had been promised the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. She insisted on that promise. Finally she threatened to withdraw from the Canadian union if that promise were not kept.

How the Monopoly Clause Worked Out

SO IN 1881 the new Dominion Government made the historic agreement with the famous Canadian Pacific syndicate by which the latter undertook to build and operate the road, and because of which that same syndicate owns and operates this imperial property now.

It was stated both in the Dominion Parliament in Ottawa and in the British Parliament at London that "that road will not earn enough to pay for axle-grease." From the time the Canadian Pacific was built it has passed dividend only once.



Mount Wapta and Yoho Valley From the Kicking Horse

The Government first of all turned over to the Canadian Pacific syndicate the seven hundred miles that the Government already had constructed. This seven hundred miles had cost the Government thirty-one million dollars.

Next the Government agreed to pay, and actually did pay to the Canadian Pacific syndicate, twenty-five million dollars in cash and loaned the syndicate twenty-nine million dollars, which afterward, of course, was repaid; but this made eighty-five million dollars. And this was not all.

The Government granted the syndicate over twenty-five million acres of land in what are now among the richest regions of all Canada.

Nor was this all. The Government also agreed that for a period of twenty years no railroad should be authorized by the Dominion Government south of the line of the Canadian Pacific. This section of the law was called the "monopoly clause."

This caused the first serious trouble the new National Government had with any of its provinces. Manitoba and especially Winnipeg needed railway connections with the United States. This monopoly clause of the Canadian Pacific agreement prevented that. The story of this struggle deserves a chapter, but the limits of this paper will not permit even its outline.

Although the Canadian Pacific syndicate had received aid of various kinds far in excess of a hundred million dollars, yet it insisted on the letter of this monopoly clause as well. It demanded its pound of flesh. Canada's National Government was bound legally and morally by the agreement. Yet the demands of the Province of Manitoba were just and reasonable; and her citizens would not be silent.

So finally the National Government bought from the Canadian Pacific Railway Company a relinquishment of this monopoly clause by guaranteeing fifteen million dollars of the company's fifty-year bonds, bearing three per cent interest.

Thus the Canadian Pacific Railway has been built and now has become a fabulously rich concern.

Considering the number of Canada's people at that time—only a little over four million all told—the burden of the aid they gave to create this transcontinental line remains to this day unparalleled in any other country.

Even estimating that they aided the Canadian Pacific Railway to the extent of only a hundred million dollars, upon the basis of comparative population of the two countries it is as if the American people would aid a single railway enterprise to the extent of two billion dollars.

And, of course, taking into account the increase in the value of the tremendous land grant given the Canadian Pacific, as well as all other aids that the people afforded that road, the Canadian nation has presented the railroad, first and last, with far more than a hundred million dollars.

Out of this road vast individual fortunes have been made. All this is said not in the way of criticism but as a mere statement of facts. From the exclusively railway point of view a very great deal can be said for the Canadian Pacific.

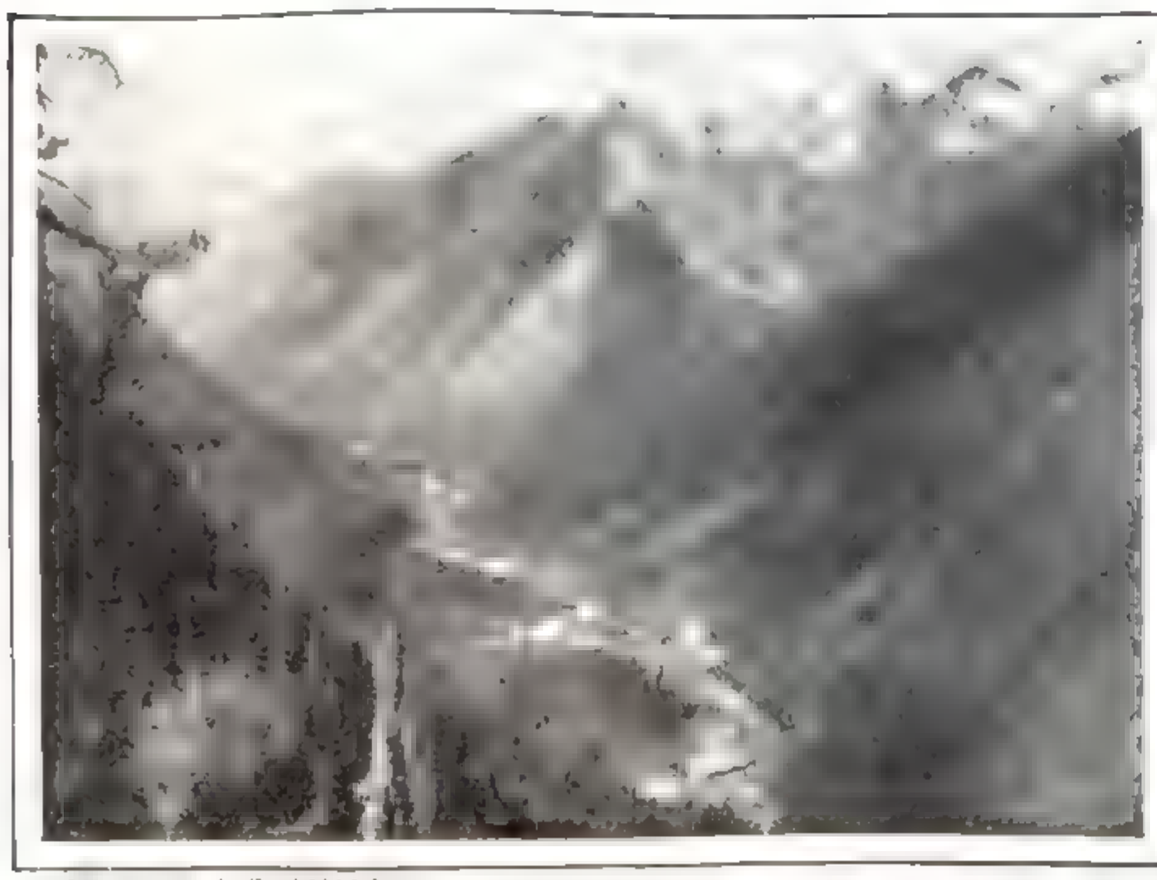
And, indeed, this also may be said from the public point of view. Although, of course, in doing so it was buttering its own bread, yet the fact is that this concern has been almost patriotically Canadian. It has advertised Canada abroad; it has pushed Canadian interests everywhere. Its defenders say that it is better known in other countries than in the Dominion itself. It is superbly equipped and ably managed.

After all, its grades were built, rails laid, spikes driven and trains run by the sweat and toil of Canada's meager millions in their passionate desire to make of themselves a consolidated and continental nation. Yet this was only the beginning of the Canadian people's sacrifices for their future.

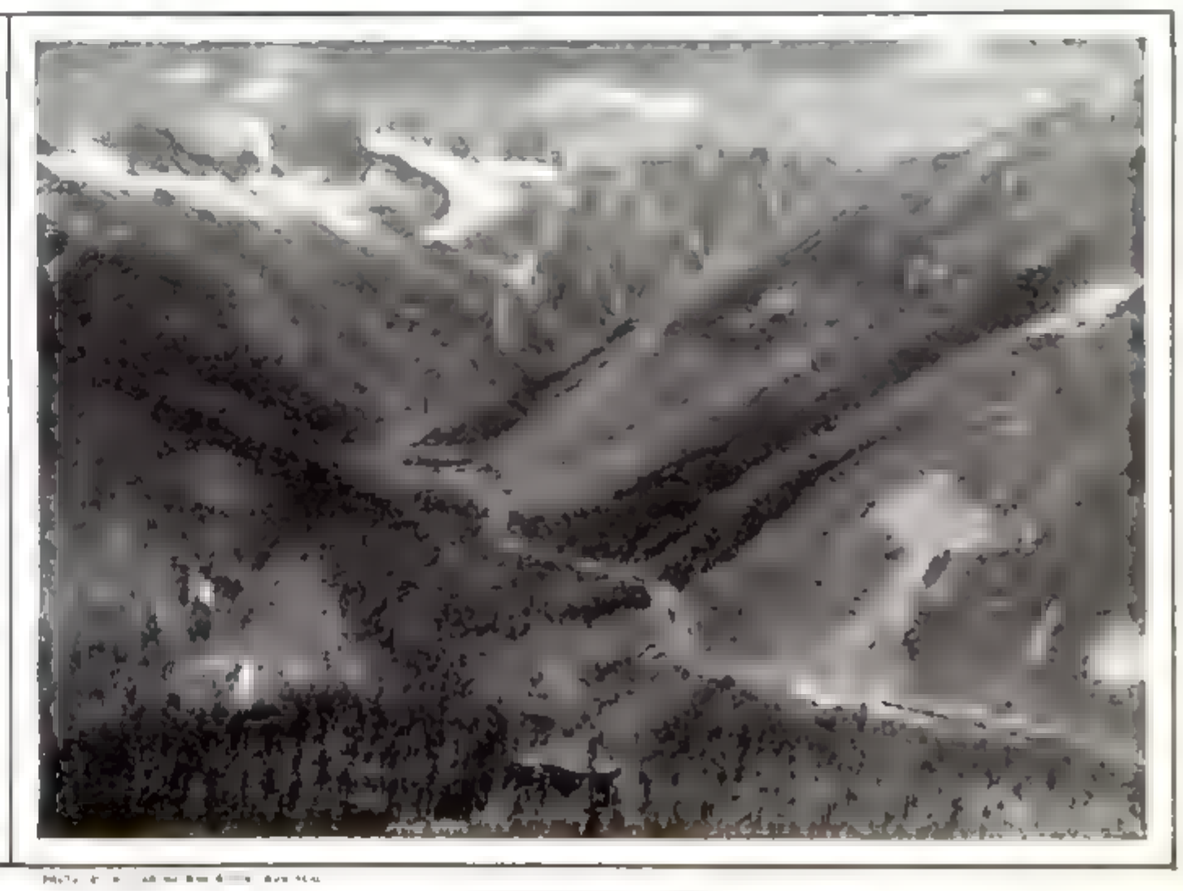
Subsidies to the Canadian Northern

NOW we come to the Canadian Northern. This road already has a considerable network, reaching from the manufacturing districts of eastern and central Canada to western Alberta—that is, almost in sight of the Canadian Rocky Mountains. The remainder of the line—transcontinentally speaking—already is surveyed; and it, too, will have its outlet on the Atlantic and Pacific, and that speedily.

What aid has Canada's people given the Canadian Northern? In the first place, the Province of Ontario gave it land grants and large cash subsidies. Manitoba guaranteed the bonds for its mileage through that imperial province. Alberta and Saskatchewan guaranteed its bonds for any extensions—feeders—north or south of the main line. Then, when the Canadian Northern reached



Illecillewaet Valley and Loop From Mount Abbott



Illecillewaet Valley

the Province of British Columbia, that province also guaranteed its bonds for the mileage within its vast, rich, but mountainous area.

Also, the Dominion Government aided the Canadian Northern. It was built through the far stretches of farmland of what now is the Province of Saskatchewan and into Alberta before they were provinces and while they were territories. So, while they were yet territories, these two provinces could not guarantee anything.

Therefore the Dominion Government guaranteed the bonds of the Canadian Northern Railway to the extent of thirteen thousand dollars a mile through these two Dominion territories. Thus the heroic generosity of the Canadian people once more poured its golden largess into a great railway system.

Let us now come to the last and most daring railway undertaking of the Canadian Government—the National Transcontinental. This road is being built hundreds of miles north of the original Canadian Pacific. Its real eastern terminus is Halifax, the best Nova Scotian port; its western terminus is Prince Rupert, in British Columbia, hundreds of miles north of Vancouver, where the Canadian Pacific has, and the Canadian Northern must have, its terminus.

Prince Rupert is four hundred miles nearer Japan than Vancouver. The National Transcontinental Railway, as far as from Moncton, within the sound of the waters of the Atlantic, to Winnipeg, is being built by the Canadian Government -being built as I write.

This National Transcontinental Railway, which the Government now is building just as we are building the Panama Canal, for a thousand miles or more goes over the northern portion of the so-called Canadian desert of which I have spoken. Unquestionably it goes over the best portion of that region; but that is not saying much.

At Winnipeg the National Transcontinental connects with and becomes a part of the Grand Trunk Pacific, which then builds the road on and already has built a great deal of it through what we Americans would think is the northern part of the "prairie provinces," but what in reality is in their middle.

When that part of this road which now is being built by the Dominion Government is finished it is to be leased to the Grand Trunk Pacific for fifty years, at three per cent of the actual expenditure which the Government has made.

No wonder Canada's Railway Commission has far-reaching powers. Lucky for Canada that her Constitution gives her National Congress unlimited authority over these mammoth, these leviathan, corporations. And the wise and fearless use of that national authority in behalf of the Canadian people on the one hand, and the good sense, patriotism and gratitude to the Canadian people of these great railway companies on the other hand, will determine whether they shall prove to be destroying monsters or strong and grateful sons to the power that created them.

When one considers their far-flung influence, their enormous present resources and their certain future wealth; when one further considers their necessarily intimate relations with the great and compact brotherhood of Canadian banks; their close connection through their directors of the already large and ever-growing organizations of industrial capital the admirer and well-wisher of Canada almost trembles at the malign possibilities which these mammoth enterprises of her own creation hold for the future of Canada's Government and people.

Also, so vast and so ramified are these three master railway systems that they hold the railway situation in Canada in the hollow of their hands. It would be a lucky man, indeed, or else one so superlatively able as to be a genius, who could get into the Canadian railway field with a new railway enterprise without the consent of Canada's railway triumvirate. Already, indeed, there are dark suggestions of a new railroad in one of the prairie provinces having been bound, gagged and sent out of the country by one of the triple-crowned arbiters of Canada's railway destiny.

I do not mention this in criticism, but only as an illustration of the incalculable power which these great transportation systems and their associated interests can

(Continued on Page 32)

How I Learned to Run a Motor Boat

By GEORGE FITCH

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT LEVERING

AMONG all the veteran boat owners who stood on the dock and jeered Doc Wright and myself when we backed the Imp home to the dock on our first trip and tried to stop the engine by pouring water on it, Alfred DeCorsay Greene was the most offensive. He was so amused that it would have taken two strong men to shut him off. If we had been a little stronger we would have tackled the job ourselves.

Greene is a motor-boat crank. He builds one every winter in his barn—hammers his fingers and freezes his toes when he should be in bed dreaming of a raise in salary—spends all of his savings for new-fangled aggravations to inflict on the engine; completes his boat, launches it and then is miserable. Life is too dull for him. He messes around the river a few weeks and then sells his boat for half what it cost him and starts a bigger one. Even when he has a boat he doesn't demean himself by running it. He works on it. He comes down early on Saturdays and spends the day scouring the engine, tightening up the cockpit, rewiring the shell ejectors, putting goose grease on the pyloric valve and doing other technical stunts. That is joy enough for him. His engine is always in pieces. At any time if you turn him upside down and shake him half a peck of parts will drop out of his pockets. He is so much of an engine expert that at night he exhausts instead of snoring. And he talks the gasoline language so fluently that we call him "DeCurses," for short. Naturally Greene was amused when we crawfished up the river and landed sideways against the dock, with Wright industriously soaking the engine in river water to keep it from starting again and kidnapping us. He was hideously amused. He howled and shrieked with mirth, until most of the population of that section came down to the river bank and listened while he guyed us. And Greene is one of the most accomplished guyers I ever knew.

There Was Just Room in That Boat for an Expert and a Deck-Hand, and One of Us Was Going to be the Deck-Hand

"Backed a boat home because you didn't know how to run her forward!" he gasped between explosions. "Say, that ought to be written up in history. Of all the kid-finished, baby-ribboned, lace-handkerchiefed land-lubbers I ever heard of, you two are the kings. Whee—oo—! I want to start a museum with you fellows. Whatever made you leave your hammocks and get into a motor boat? Who started her for you anyway?"

I explained with some dignity that we had started her ourselves, and that we would have done a better job if we had had the crank along.

"The crank," said Greene, going off again. "Left the crank behind, did you? Let me give you a tip. Next time leave the engine and take the crank. You'll understand a crank better than you do an engine. Left the crank and backed her home. Oh, mama! Say, boys, you better give this game up and sail shingles in a bathtub. You'll get into all kinds of trouble out here on the river. You may get your feet wet."

We had intended to give the thing up without Greene's advice. But anyone hates to quit under fire. I stiffened up. "Thanks," said I, "we're going to run this boat all summer, and we're going to run her ourselves too."

"Don't try it, boys," said Greene anxiously; "you're not cut out for this game. Get a good horse and let him tow you along the bank, but don't fool with machinery. Let me run it for you. It takes a man with some natural talent to run a gasoline engine. You just let me run your boat, and you fellows sit in the stern and keep the sofa-pillows dry. I'll run her forward for you. Ha-ha! Hoo-hoo! Wow!"

The whole neighborhood joined. What would any one have done under the circumstances? Wright told Greene that with his mouth wide open one would mistake him for a catfish if it weren't for his long, furry ears.

Then I declared once more, solemnly and swearfully, that we were going to run the Imp forward, backward and whenever we pleased, so help us Beelzebub, the patron saint of gasoline.

We went home by the alleys, because we enjoyed our greasy clothes more that way and because we had to finish that quarrel about the crank. That night I went down-town and returned with a neat compact book about a foot square, entitled The Gasoline Engine for Beginners. Turning over to the section marked "How to start a gasoline engine," I read the following:

See that the timing lever is so placed as to deliver the spark when the compression is greatest; admit the gasoline to the carbureter and press down the needle valve until the carbureter floods. See that the oil cups are so adjusted as to deliver about ten drops of oil a minute to each cylinder. Be sure your mixture is not too rich at the start, as a rich mixture is hard to fire. Work the flywheel gently backward and forward until you have rocked a charge into the base. Then turn on the battery switch and give the flywheel a quick pull.

There the whole business was as plain as the tariff question. It would be no trick at all to run that boat now. All I had to do was to discover what the needle valve was, and what a carbureter does when it floods, and how to impoverish a wealthy mixture, and how to regulate the flow of oil, and what compression might be, and how to discover when there was enough of it. Wright came over the next night and we looked all of these points up as well as we could. But in reading about these we discovered about forty-five additional points to be looked up, and these involved about three hundred technical terms and descriptions that needed a rich, bright light thrown upon them. So I put the book behind the cellar door to prop it open—it proved to be a most useful work in that capacity—and as soon as Wright and I had forgotten what we learned we decided to run the Imp by experience.

People who own automobiles will not take this task seriously. Automobiles nowadays are made to run. You turn on a switch, yank the crank, and then sit up and drive them as long as the gasoline lasts. Their builders are so confident of their reliability that they hide the engine under a hood, as if it were none of the owner's business. But motor-boat engines aren't made to run. They are made to be run. Under some presidents the United States runs itself. Under T. Roosevelt it was run. A mere child could tell the difference. I am convinced that in the time it took me to learn to run a motor-boat engine I not only could learn to run an automobile but I could pay for the thing too.

Wright and I went down to the dock the next Saturday, and after we had learned where to set the dingus on the steering-wheel that jiggled the little contraption in front of the engine, and how to work the little dooflicker on the carbureter that spilled gasoline all over our shoes when we pressed it, we didn't have any trouble persuading the Imp to go. She started with a rush, as if it was a positive pleasure, and we headed up the river with both cylinders leaving a trail of beautifully uniform pops on the still summer air. We were dizzy with pride. Took genius to run a motor boat, did it? Well, then we were it—or them. We sat back and drank in the cool river air and the hot engine gas with equal delight. Motor boating was magnificent. We had decided to run all night when the engine missed a pop or two. It coughed once or twice. It changed its tune from "put-put-put-put" to "kapup-kapup-kapup." Then it stopped a few seconds, started again, said "kapeteer" a couple of times in doleful tones and went out of business firmly and finally. We were about ten miles from home by that time. There were signs of rain in the sky and not a

single sign of lunch in the boat. We had before us the job of persuading that engine to forget its wrongs and sing again.

When an automobile stops the automobilist gets out in some disgust, walks around the machine, cranks it a few times, messes around under the hood, does something to the cylinders, fiddles with the levers, cranks a few more times and then telephones for a horse. We couldn't do that. There was no telephone handy and no livery stable available. We couldn't even get out and walk around the boat. We didn't know why the engine had stopped any more than we knew why it had started in the first place. But we had to find out if we wanted to get home.

It was embarrassing. We sat and looked at the surly thing for as much as ten minutes. Ask a newly-installed father to make his baby stop crying and smile immediately, and he will feel about as hopeful and intelligent as we did. I got under the cover and cranked a while and then Wright crawled under and cranked a while. Then I got a wrench and took off a lot of parts, being careful to put them back exactly as I found them. Then we cranked some more. After that we sat until evening, when a clam fisher came along in his flat-bottomed chug boat. He looked us over, loaned us a gallon of gasoline and we came home. All the way back I told Wright what I thought of his mechanical ability and he tried to excuse himself by declaring that association with me was equivalent to contracting paresis. It is a great comfort to have a partner in the motor-boat game. It gives you a chance to forget your own limitations while you are discussing his.

We tied the Imp up and went home in silence. I don't know now what Wright was thinking about, but I was planning a crushing blow. I was tired of his sarcasm. The next Saturday I went down to the boat early and hid a gallon-can of gasoline in a locker. I counted on Wright's chicken-headed absent-mindedness, and I was correct. He climbed into the boat without even suggesting that we put some more gasoline in the tank, and before we had gone two miles the engine went into a comatose condition.

I am still proud of the timid way in which I asked Wright to start it. "You know more about machinery than I do," I said; "and I'm willing to admit it. You can start that misshapen brute in half the time it would take me."

"Right you are," said Doc cheerfully. "You're beginning to get onto this motor-boat game. The first thing that is necessary is to find out that you don't know anything at all about it. I found that out a week ago and I've been paying a chap eighty cents an hour to teach me things. You would never have thought of that, but then what can you expect of a man who puts on cotton gloves when he fools with an engine?"

With that stinger Wright went up and twiddled the fly-wheel around with the grace of an expert.

"She's probably a little off her feed," he remarked. "I'll listen to her, and if she doesn't sound right I'll adjust the carbureter." He turned the wheel over and laid his large expressive ear on the cylinder. "Pretty bad," he said; "you've probably been fooling with this boat on the sly. I hate to have a dub around." So saying he began to adjust the carbureter. He continued to adjust it all afternoon. Part of the time he used a wrench and part of the time he used the highly inflammable cuss word so frequently found in the mechanical world. I watched him adjust and learned a great deal about carbureters. A carbureter is a highly ingenious thing by means of which you adulterate your gasoline with air. It is a little brass pot with a jigger on the top and two or three thingumbobs and other things sticking around on it. You get the gasoline into the pot and the air comes in through a porthole, and a piece of cork with a taradum on the end churns the gasoline until the fumes intoxicate the air. It's plain as day. All you have to do is to get your air drunk enough and your engine will run until it wears out.

I learned all this from Wright, but when he had put the carbureter together the boat didn't go. So I asked him if he had got his information about motor boats from the grocery store. This made him pleasingly peevish and he referred to me in quick succession as a grinning chimpanzee, a compendium of ignorance and a puttyhead.

"All of which may be true," I said, "but if you'll go back in the stern and try to repair that broken shoe-lace of yours, which is just about your limit of ability, I'll start this engine."

Wright hooted. "You couldn't start a lawnmower," he said. "No," said I, "but my grandmother taught me long ago always to look in the gasoline tank of a motor boat before I took the engine apart."

You should have seen Wright's face. The bottom fell out of it completely. "The gasoline tank," I explained kindly, "is the place where you keep the gasoline that isn't exploding. It is connected with the carbureter by a pipe, and when you turn the jigger on the pipe it lets the gasoline run into the engine. You had better go back and get about seven hundred and eighty-nine dollars' worth of lessons on gasoline tanks from your expert."

That was cruelty to children. He didn't have a word to say. I looked in the tank. It was as dry as a bone. Then I fished out my gasoline can.

"When I was a very little boy in kindergarten I learned to carry an extra gasoline can," I said cheerfully. "You had better write this down and study it nights. I'll undertake to teach it to you for sixty cents an hour."

"You'd confer a favor on me by jumping in the lake!" said Doc. He was certainly a sick man.

I poured in the gallon, opened the pipe and went up to crank the engine. "Hold on tight, little boy," I said, "and don't shriek when the engine goes off. I'll take care of you."

But the engine didn't go off. Two hours later another clam fisher found us, and after he had turned the engine a minute or two he turned on the battery switch that had jarred out. Doggone it all, why can't a man remember more than one thing at a time in a motor boat?

When we got home that night the war cloud was very thick. Doc and I hadn't severed diplomatic relations, but it was plainly understood that one of us was going to learn to run that boat first and that the other one need not expect any mercy from him. There was just room in that boat for an expert and a deck-hand, and one of us was going to be the deck-hand.

I spent the next six evenings studying the carbureter, in all its moods and tenses, in a book that I got in the library. It was a beautifully illustrated book and was full of plates showing the viscera of various breeds of carbureters in a healthy and diseased condition. Before the end of the week I could tell the make of a carbureter in a passing automobile by the look on the owner's face. I was loaded, congested, clogged with carbureter wisdom. Give me a stout knitting needle and a sheet of porous plaster and I could have repaired any carbureter that ever carbered. Just one thing bothered me. I couldn't understand why it was necessary to mix air with the gasoline. The book was a scientific affair and it didn't start as low down as that. I decided that it was probably from economical reasons and determined that when my turn came I would take the carbureter off altogether, connect the tank direct with the engine and run her regardless of expense. I tried this afterward, but it didn't work. That's the worst thing about theories. The more logical they are the worse they work.

It was my turn to run the boat the next week. We had to agree on an arrangement of that sort. Doc was to run it one week and I was to run it the next. The man who ran the engine was to have first chance at fixing it and the other man was to take the second hour. And there was no lid on the comments by the bystander.

It was a pleasant day and there was a large crowd present to see us off. For some reason or other we always got good audiences. I hate to start a motor boat in the middle of a mob—that is, I hate to begin to start it. I always forget some essential thing and then some rude loafer on the dock snickers and Wright explains elaborately to him that I am a pie-maker whom he is taking out for a little fresh air, and that he is letting me fool with the engine because I think it is an automatic pie foundry. It makes me nervous. I never was a public speaker, and when I stand up and tell an engine what I think of it before a big audience, I make a mess of it every time. I can't think fast enough. On this particular day I had bad luck. I turned the fly-wheel over thirty times before the engine caught. Then it only gave a meditative puff or two and relapsed again.

"He does that for exercise," Wright said to the crowd. "He can do it lots faster than that too."

I sprayed the engine's throat with gasoline, greased its joints and heaved away some more. The engine spat oil on my shirt in a disdainful manner and declined to become interested.

"After he does that half a day he thinks he is running a motor boat," said Wright. The crowd giggled thunderously.

I went over and spent fifteen minutes with the carbureter. The fool thing didn't look a bit like the prints in the book and I didn't dare tamper with it, but I was tired of grinding the engine around.

"He thinks that carbureter is a hot-water faucet," said Wright to his gang. "He'll try to wash his hands under it in a minute."

I decided I might as well be turning the engine around as listen to that sort of foolishness. I put some cold water on my ears—they were red hot—and turned the flywheel over again. To my great surprise the engine started.

A great cheer arose. I ran to the steering wheel, grabbed it and turned on all the roar the engine had. I wanted to get away from the dock. The cheering continued, but it didn't seem to fade away into the distance as it should have done. I looked over to the side. The engine was running great guns, but we weren't progressing. Wright came up and sat down beside me.

"Something's wrong," he said anxiously.

"What is it?" I asked excitedly.

"Maybe the propeller's off," said Wright.

Just then a new uproar arose behind me. It was the dock owner. "You let go of my dock, you idiot," he shrieked. "I don't want her towed all over the river."

I stopped the engine, got up and looked around. I always tie a boat up good and securely when I am fooling with an engine, and I had forgotten to untie the stern line.

When I finally got away that afternoon and ran the Imp up the river, Doc sat beside me and talked all the way in friendly tones. "You must never tow a dock around the river," he said; "it isn't considered etiquette. You must always untie your boat before starting her. Try to remember this, because it makes me feel ridiculous to see you trying to pull a fat piling out of the bottom of the river with a little boat. And you must never sit down on the engine when it is working. Women do that sometimes and you're likely to, so I just give you this tip. It isn't safe. The engine might bite you. Engines are awfully bitey. I knew one once that ate up a fisherman. If the engine gets off its base and comes at you with its mouth open, cross your fingers and say 'scat.' That scares them. And here's another thing you ought to know. Never step out of the boat onto the water. It wouldn't hold you and you would get your feet all wet. Unless you steer this boat to the right now we're going to run ashore. Turn the round thing you're holding—the steering wheel—a little—that's it. You see that turns the rudder. The rudder is what steers the boat. You'll learn all these things in time. Trouble with you is you're too ambitious. It was mighty plucky of you to attempt to tow that big dock up the river, but it wasn't sensible."

I endured three hours of this and did not commit murder. One never knows what he can endure until he tries.

But next Saturday I got even with Doc. The boat stopped away up in the lake and after he had mauled away for an hour on the timer—he had been studying timers

I Hid a Gallon-Can of Gasoline in a Locker

"He Can Take Things Apart Faster Than Any One I Ever Saw"

that week—I picked up a loose wire that seemed to be in distress and stuck it into a hole that seemed to be made for something of the sort. The Imp not only started but seemed grateful for being allowed to go. I ran the boat home and spent the time explaining the first principles of electricity to my deck-hand.

"Electricity is what makes a doorbell go," I said, using small words and speaking distinctly. "What you ought to do, Doc, is to buy a simple doorbell and spend the winter dissecting it. After you are familiar with its anatomy you might practice turning on an electric light. When you can do that successfully, two times out of three, I'll let you come along with me in this boat and work the anchor. All you have to do is to dump it overboard when I tell you to. I'll write the directions out for you."

Wright almost went crazy. It was a real joyful occasion. I forgot all about the catastrophe at the dock and fell in love with motor boating all over again. But the next Saturday, when the Imp went to sleep on me, I took the carbureter apart and monkeyed with the battery until I filled myself full of hornet juice and emitted dismal howls. Then Doc began messing around with the pump—he had discovered in his lessons that week that a gasoline engine has a pump. And when he had found a small seed and had fished it out and had cooled the feverish cylinders by pouring water on them, he ran the boat home and insulted me once for every revolution of the wheel. You would have thought he was the inventor of the gasoline engine. The airs he put on were unbearable.

All summer long we gave and took every Saturday afternoon. One week the engine would develop a disease that I was ready to recite on and the next week it would switch over into Doc's compartment of knowledge. Occasionally it flunked us both. But by the latter end of the summer we began to realize that the Imp was our servant. I don't mean to say that we could run the engine all the time, but our batting average was very creditable. Four times out of five when it balked it came down with some old familiar complaint. It was no longer a mystery to us. We understood its temperament. We knew when to flatter it, when to encourage it, when to soak it with a monkey-wrench and when to jab it with a short, swift cuss word and get results. And when we got to that proud eminence we began to look for A. DeCorsay Greene with malicious intentions. We wanted to see him start that engine.

Greene was perfectly willing to go out with us when we pled with him to come and diagnose our woes. "I knew you'd come to it," he said. "You might have had me before, instead of wasting the summer. I'll go down and look her over right now."

We went down to the dock and rowed out to the Imp. Like all the other experts he began to shake his head when he saw her. Experts are always pessimistic, like great musicians. They know so much that they are constantly pained by the evidences of ignorance on all hands. A motor-boat expert is a born pessimist. There was a reasonably healthy engine—stout enough to yank a fat boat all over the river. But Greene couldn't see anything but a tottering ruin that was ready to shed its flywheel and collapse into old iron within half an hour. The more he looked, the more he groaned. The carbureter was a joke, the timer was a crime; the hull was a sieve, the dingbat was anemic; the jimswinger was a death-trap, the parallax would certainly explode unless we put hoops around it at once. "Call that an engine?" he wailed. "I could make a better one out of a wash-boiler. I can't see why men trust their lives in seagoing cornshellers when they might travel comfortably in a dug-out."

Greene almost cried before he got through looking us over. I would hate to be an expert and nurse a great and bursting sorrow in my breast every time I saw a piece of wheezy machinery.

"Start her up," he finally moaned, "and I'll see what's worst about her." He took the wheel and I turned the engine over. It started of course. The Imp never misses a chance to take you a long ways off. She prefers to do her breaking down out of reach of the trolley lines. We waddled up the river eight miles an hour, Greene moaning at every revolution. It was inspiring to sit there and soak in the new engine diseases that he discovered in that chunk of cast iron. Rheumatism of the crank shaft was her simplest complaint. But after half an hour he got more cheerful. That was when he began to outline the cure. As near as I could understand it we would have a good boat if we replaced the engine in a new hull and had the river renovated. As soon as he had roughly sketched in the plan of treatment, I kicked the little handle on the carbureter around and the Imp stopped with an indignant snort.

Nothing makes the Imp so mad as to have her carbureter fooled with when she is running. She resents it with her whole being. It took us two days to start her when we first tried to throttle her down a little the way the automobilists do. Finally, however, we discovered a simple way of mollifying her, after we had insulted her in this way. If you drained the carbureter, set the spark lever until it pointed toward the flag-staff, put some oil and gasoline in the cylinders through the holes the spark plugs were screwed in, wrapped a life preserver around the batteries and turned the flywheel backward, she would go every time. I don't know what the life preserver had to do with it, but she went the first time we used it and we always let good enough alone in our scientific investigations.

When the Imp stopped Greene looked at the engine reproachfully for a minute. Then he crawled around in front and cranked it a couple of times in an incredulous way. He seemed pleased when it didn't start. Nodded at us as much as to say: "I told you so. It will take a genius to start this thing." Then he removed his coat and went to work.

It was beautiful to watch him. He was scientific from start to finish. No guesswork for him. He knew the principle and theory of gasoline engines, and what things that were opaque mysteries to us were simply little axioms to him. We watched him with the utmost enjoyment while he tested the spark and the mixture and a lot of other things with fancy names. It was just like seeing that good book, The Gasoline Engine for Beginners, illustrated with moving pictures.

Greene tested our engine from stem to stern and announced cheerfully that it was all right and that any man of intelligence could start it on the first try now, for he had found that we had been running with the mixture abnormally rich. He adjusted things all around with much care, set the spark and gave the flywheel a confident yank. We tried to look surprised when the Imp responded just as the Sphinx would if you kicked her in the ribs.

Greene yanked once or twice more. Then he stood up and rubbed his hair.

"She's all right now and she's got to start," he said confidently. "Oh, I see. You yaps have got this timer so loose that she slips out of adjustment. Never run around with a loose timer. It will get you into trouble some day."

We thanked him while he took our timer apart and rebuilt it. After he had cranked some more—quite a while this time—he stopped suddenly, glared at us and asked us if we didn't know any better than to let water get into our gasoline.

"Not guilty," I said.

"But you are," said Greene severely. "This engine's in perfect order—as perfect as the old ruin can be. It ought to run on the first turn over, and if it doesn't it's a sign that your gasoline is bad. Now I've got to stop and test it for you. You'll never make boatmen if you're as careless as all this."

Greene stopped and tested the gasoline. He not only tested it but he analyzed it in a rude way, and found traces in it of everything from water to hops. He was shocked beyond expression and cleaned out the carbureter carefully, after which he filled it with some virgin gasoline from our storage can, strained through his pocket handkerchief. Then he grabbed the crank again. "Look out now," he said, "she'll go this time." When she didn't he was so pained that he swore—at us. He demanded in bloodthirsty tones to be told what we had been doing with that engine.

We cringed silently, and Greene began to test the batteries. Then he messed around in the thorax of the engine and tested something down there. After that he took an oar and fished around the stern of the boat to find out whether or not the propeller had collided with the rudder. After all this he cranked some more. Then he glared at us with an accusing expression and began to dissect the engine.

It was most educational. The ease with which Greene unhitched various parts that I always imagined had grown up together was wonderful. Never had I seen such cleverness. If I had Greene's mechanical genius I would study in a theological seminary, and then go as missionary to the desert of Sahara where I would be quite safe from it.

Wright and I sat in the stern and smoked placidly, while we admired Greene's work.

"Marvelous, isn't it?" I asked.

"It certainly is," said Wright. "He can take things apart faster than any one I ever saw."

"Wonder if he always starts a boat this way," I mused.

"No," said Wright. "Sometimes he ties it to a row boat. That's a sure system."

I saw Greene begin to get nervous. It was blazing hot down there under the deck, and that didn't help his temper.

"This old boat had better start, though," said Wright, "because he'll take her keel out and analyze it if she doesn't."

"You're getting pretty gay with that talk," said Greene, straightening up and glaring at us. "If I owned this sausage grinder you think is an engine, I'd put it back at its real job."

"That proves he's an expert," said Wright. "An expert always blames the engine when he can't start it."

"Pshaw! He can start it," I protested. "Give him time. He hasn't monkeyed with the flagstaff yet."

"You fellows make me sick," said Greene. "All you know about an engine I could write out on paper and put in my eye."

"He's right too," said Wright solemnly. "We never could do what he's doing in the world. We have to start her without taking anything apart at all."

"I wish I were an expert," I said; "it must be lots of fun. I suppose he uses a pair of tongs and a vise and three pickaxes when he winds his watch."

It was all very enjoyable. After half an hour Greene tried to kill us by throwing parts of the engine at us. So we shut off the conversation until he had put it together and had cranked a while. Then Wright got up and yawned. "Well, old man, we've got to go home now," he said. "I'm getting hungry. Children will want to see papa pretty soon. If you've finished with that engine, I'll start it and we'll go home."

"Yes you will," Greene said, "if you get a tow. Not otherwise. That engine will never run again. I've tested it out from every angle, and as nearly as I can tell the metal is so crystallized that it absorbs the gasoline vapor before it can be fired. It must come on suddenly too."

"Yep, and it's going away very suddenly too," said Wright rudely. "Sure you put this engine together right, sonny?" he asked.

Greene was perfectly insulted. "I could take that engine apart headed up in a tar barrel and put it together so she'd run first pop—if everything was right," he declared.

"All right," said Wright. "Stand back, children and spectators. Here goes the Imp."

He drained the carbureter. Greene was horrified. He switched the lever around. He dumped oil and gasoline into the cylinders. Greene caught his arm in agony. "Now we'll never start her."

"Keep your shirt on," said Wright pleasantly. He put the life preserver on the batteries and Greene shouted aloud for an insanity commission. Then he turned the flywheel the wrong way and the Imp started home.

Greene fainted.

That was our graduating thesis with the Imp. We now hold a degree in the handling and hypnotism of gasoline engines. Greene says that there is no sense in the things we do to make our engine run. But we don't care. They do the work.

"You Let Go of My Dock, You Idiot," He Shrieked

THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

"And in Spite of Everything, He is as Tender to Hammersley's Little Daughter as if She Were His Own"

XXI

JULY brought in halcyon days for everybody. They were halcyon days for Clementina. There were neglected portraits to complete; new sitters for whom to squeeze in appointments; a host of stimulating things, not the least of which was the beloved atmosphere—half turpentine, half poetry—of the studio. Only the painter can know the delight of the mere feel of the long-forsaken brush and the sight of the blobs of color oozing out from the tubes on to the palette. Most of us returning to toil after a holiday sigh over departed joys. To the painter the joy of getting back to his easel is worth all the joys that have departed.

Clementina plunged into work as a long-stranded duck plunges into water. By rising at dawn, a practice contrary to her habit, she managed to keep pace with her work and to attend to the various affairs that her new responsibilities entailed. Her days were filled to overflowing and filled with extraordinary happiness. A nurse was engaged for Sheila, a kind and buxom widow who also found herself living in halcyon days. She could do practically whatever she liked, as her charge was seldom in her company. The child had her being in the studio, playing happily and quietly in a corner—thus realizing Clementina's dream—or watching her paint with great, wondering eyes. The process fascinated her. She would sit for an hour at a time, good as gold, absorbed in the magic of the brush-strokes, clasping the dingy Pinkie tight against her bosom.

Tommy appeared one day with a box of paints, a miniature easel and a great mass of uncolored fashion plates of beautiful ladies in gorgeous raiment. A lesson or two inspired Sheila with artistic zeal, so that often a sitter would come upon the two of them painting breathlessly—Clementina screwing up her eyes, darting backward and forward to her canvas; and the dainty child seated on a milking stool and earnestly making animated rainbows of the beautiful ladies in the fashion plates.

Then there was the tedious process of obtaining the probate of Hammersley's will. Luckily he had wound up all his affairs in Shanghai to the common satisfaction of himself and his London firm, so that no complications arose from the latter quarter. Indeed, they gave the executors their cordial assistance. They, however, had to be interviewed, and lawyers had to be interviewed, and Quixtus and all kinds of other people; and papers had to be read and signed, and affidavits to be made, and head-splitting intricacies of business and investments to be mastered. All this ate up many of the sunny hours.

Tommy and Etta had halcyon days of their own which, but by curmudgeonly roughness, would have merged into Clementina's. Etta had cajoled an infuriated admiral raving round the room after a horsewhip into a stern parent who consented to receive Tommy, explicitly reserving to himself the right to throw him out of the window should the young man not take his fancy. Tommy called and was allowed to depart peacefully by the front door. Then Quixtus, incited thereto by Tommy, called upon the admiral with the awful solemnity of a father in a French play, with the result that Tommy was invited to dinner at the admiral's and given as much excellent old port as he could stand. After which the admiral called on Clementina, whom he had not met before. During the throes of horsewhip hunting he had threatened to visit her there and then and give her a piece of his mind—which at that moment was more like a hunk of molten lava than anything else; but the arts and wiles of Etta had prevailed so that the above-scheduled sequence of events had been observed. Clementina, caught in the middle of a hot afternoon's painting, received him bedaubed and bedraggled in the studio, whose chaos happened to be that day more than usually confounded. The admiral, accustomed to the point-device females of his world, and making the spick-and-span of the quarterdeck a matter of common morality in material surroundings, went from Romney Place an obfuscated man.

"I can't make your friend out," he said to Etta. "I don't mind telling you that if I had seen her I should never have allowed you to visit her. I found her looking like a professional rabbit-skinner rather than a lady; and when I went to sit down I had to clear away a horrid plate of cold pie—by George!—from the chair. She contradicted me flatly in everything I said about you—as if I didn't know my own child—and filled me up with advice."

"And wasn't it good, dear?"

"No advice is ever good. Like Nebuchadnezzar's food, it may be wholesome, but it isn't good. And then she turned round and talked the most downright common-sense about women I've ever heard a woman utter. And then, by Jove! I don't know how it happened—I never talk shop, you know ——"

"Of course you don't, dear, never!" said Etta.

"Of course I don't—but somehow we got on to the subject and she showed a more intelligent appreciation of the state of naval affairs than any man I've met for a long time. As for those superficial, theoretical donkeys at the club ——"

"And what else, darling?" said Etta, who had often heard about the donkeys, but now was dying to hear about Clementina. "Do tell me what she talked about. She must have talked about me. Didn't she?"

"About you! I've told you." He took her chin in his hand—she was sitting on a footstool, her arms about his knee.

"You can't have told me everything, dear."

"I think she informed me that her selection of a husband for you was a damned sight better than mine—I beg your pardon, my dear; she didn't say 'damned'—and then the little girl you're always talking of came in; and the rabbit-skinner seemed to turn into just an ordinary woman and took me up and, in a way, threw me down on the floor to play with the child."

"What did you play at, dad? When I was little you used to pretend to swallow a fork. Did you swallow a fork?"

The iron features relaxed into a smile.

"I did, my dear—and it was the cold pie fork, wiped on a bit of newspaper. And, last of all, what do you think she said?"

"No one on earth could guess, dear, what Clementina might have said."

"She actually asked me to sit for a crayon sketch—said my face was interesting to her as an artist and she would like to make a study of it for her own pleasure. Now what pleasure could anybody on earth find in looking at my ugly old mug?"

"But, dear, you have a most beautiful mug!" cried Etta. "I don't mean beautiful like the photographs of popular actors, but full of strength and character—just the fine face that appeals to the artist."

"Do you think so?" asked the admiral.

"I'm sure." She ran to a little table and brought a Florentine mirror. "Look!"

He looked. Instinctively the man of sixty-five touched the finely curving grizzly hair about his temples.

"You're a silly child," said he.

She kissed him. "Now confess. You had the goodest of good times with Clementina this afternoon."

"I don't mind owning," said the admiral, "that I found her a most intelligent woman."

And that is the way that all of us sons of Adam, even admirals of the British fleet, can be beguiled by the daughters of Eve.

Halcyon days were they for Quixtus, for whom London wore an entirely different aspect from the Aceldama he had left. Instead of its streets and squares stretching out before him as the scene of potential devilry, it smiled upon him as the center of manifold pleasant interests. He had the great work to attack, the final picture that mortal knowledge could draw of that far-off, haunting phase of human life before the startling use of iron was known to mankind. It was not to be a dull catalogue of dead things. The dead things, a million facts, were to be the skeleton on which he would build his great, vivid flesh-and-blood story—the dream of his life, which only now did he feel the vital impulse to realize. He had his club and his cronies, harmless folk beneath whose mild exterior he no longer divined horrible corruption. From them all he received congratulations on his altered mien. The change had done him good. He was looking ten years younger. Some chaffed him after the way of men. Wonderful place, Paris!

He found a stimulating interest in his new responsibilities. Vestiges of his perfunctory legal training remained and enabled him to unravel simple complications in the Hammersley affairs, much to Clementina's admiration and his own satisfaction. He discovered a pleasure once more in the occasional society of Tommy and concerned himself seriously with the latter's love-making and painting. He spoke of him to Dawkins, the rich donor of the anthropological society portrait, to whom Tommy had alluded with such disrespect to Clementina. Dawkins visited Tommy's studio and walked away with a couple of pictures after having paid such a price as to make the young man regard him as a fairy godmother in vast white waistcoat and baggy trousers. Quixtus also entertained Tommy and Etta at lunch at the Carlton, Mrs. Fontaine completing the quartet.

"I should have liked it better," said Clementina, when she heard—as she heard all that happened to the lovers—of the incident, "I should have liked it better if he hadn't brought Mrs. Fontaine into it." Whereat Tommy winked at Etta, unbeknown to Clementina.

Quixtus' friendship with the spotless flower of womanhood continued. He had tea with her in her prettily furnished little house in Pont Street, where he met several of her acquaintances, people of unquestionable position in the London world, and attended one or two receptions—and even a dance at which she was present. Very skillfully she drew him into her circle and adroitly played him in public as a serious aspirant to her spotless hand. There were many who called him the variegated synonyms of a fool, for to hard-bitten worldlings few illusions are left concerning a woman like Lena Fontaine; but they shrugged their shoulders cynically and viewed the capture with amused interest. Only the most jaded complained. If she wanted to give them a sensation, why did she not go a step farther and lead about a bishop on her string? But these uncharitable remarks did not reach Quixtus' ears. The word went round that he was a man of distinguished scientific position—whether he was a metallurgist or a brain specialist

no one at the tired end of the London season either knew or cared to know—and, his courtly and scholarly demeanor confirming the rumor, the corner of Vanity Fair in which Lena Fontaine fought to hold her position paid him considerable deference. The flattery of the frivolous pleased him, as it has pleased many a good simple man before him. He thought Mrs. Fontaine's friends very charming, though perhaps not over intellectual. He went among them, however, scarce knowing why. A card of invitation would come by post from Lady Anything, whom he had once met. Before he had time to obey his first impulse and decline, Lena Fontaine's voice would be heard over the telephone. "Are you going to Lady Anything's on Friday?"

"I don't think so."

"She has asked you, I know. I'm going."

"Oh!"

"Do come. Lady Anything tells me she has got some interesting people to meet you; and I shall be so miserable if you're not there."

Who was he to cause misery to the spotless lady? The victim yielded and, blandly unconscious of her guile, was paraded before the interesting people as the latest and most lasting conquest of Lena Fontaine's bow and spear.

August plans were discussed. She was thinking of Dinard. What was Quixtus proposing to do? He had not considered the question—had contemplated work in London. She held up her hands. London in August! How could he exist in town? He needed a real holiday.

"To tell you the truth, I don't know where to go," said he.

Very delicately she suggested Dinard. He objected in his shy way. Dinard was the haunt of fashion and frivolity.

"I should walk about the place like a daw among peacocks," said he

"But why should you be a daw? Why not do a little peacocking? Color in life would be good for you. And I would undertake to keep your feathers trim."

He smiled, half allured, half repelled by the idea of strutting among such gay birds. To refuse the spotless lady's request downright was an act of discourtesy of which he was incapable. He gave a vague and qualified assent to the proposal, which she wisely did not then tempt him to make more definite. Content with her progress, she bided her time.

Quixtus had little leisure to reflect on the skeptical attitude toward humanity that theoretically he still maintained. In addition to these hour-absorbing interests, Sheila began to occupy a considerable place in his life. Sometimes he would call at Romney Place; sometimes Clementina would bring the child to Russell Square; sometimes, when Clementina was too busy, Sheila came in the nurse's charge. He cleared out a large room at the top of the house, which was to be Sheila's nursery when she took up her quarters there. It needed repapering, recarpeting, refurnishing, he decided. Nothing like cheerful surroundings for impressionable childhood! With this in view he carried off Sheila one day to a firm of wallpaper dealers, so that she could choose a pattern for herself. Sheila sat solemnly on the sofa by his side while the polite assistant turned over great strips of paper. At last she decided. A bewildering number of parrots to the square yard, all with red bodies and blue tails, darting about among green foliage on which pink roses grew miraculously, was the chosen design. Quixtus hesitated; but Sheila was firm. They proudly took home a strip to try against the wall. Clementina, hearing from Sheila of her exploit, rushed up the next afternoon to Russell Square and blinked her eyes before the dazzling thing.

"It's only you, Ephraim, that could have taken a child of five to select wallpaper!"

"I will own that the result is disastrous," he said ruefully; "but she set her heart upon it."

She sighed. "You're two babies together. I see I've got to fix up that nursery myself." She looked at him with a woman's delicious pity. What could a lone man know of the fitting up of nurseries?

"You hear what your auntie says?" he asked—the child was sitting on his knee—"We're in disgrace."

"If you're in disgrace you go in the corner," said Sheila.

"Let us go in the corner, then."

"If you hold me very tight," said Sheila.

Clementina, however, came up and forgave them and kissed the little face peeping above Quixtus' shoulder.

"It does my heart good to see you with her!" she cried, with rare demonstrativeness.

It was true. Sheila's sweet ways with Tommy and Etta caused her ever so little a pang of jealousy. Her increasing fondness for Quixtus made Clementina thrill with pleasure. You may say that Clementina, essentially just, was scrupulous not to encroach upon Quixtus' legal half-share in the child's esteem—but a sense of justice is not an emotion. And it was emotion—silly, feminine, romantic emotion that she did not try to explain to herself—that filled her eyes with moisture wherein she saw the two happy together.

"Look at You and Look at Us! Who's Been Getting All the Fat and Who All the Lean?"

She laid her hand upon the fair hair.

"Do you love your Uncle Eph'im?"

"I adore him," said Sheila.

"Your uncle fully reciprocates the sentiment, my dear," said Quixtus, his hand also instinctively rising to caress the hair.

So the hands of the guardians touched. Clementina withdrew hers and turned away quickly so that he should not see the flush that sprang into her face.

"We must be getting home now, dear," she said. "Auntie is wasting precious daylight." And with her old abruptness she left him.

He followed her down the stairs. "My dear Clementina," said he, standing bareheaded at his front door, "I wonder whether you realize how Sheila and yourself light up this dull old house for me."

She sniffed scornfully. "I light up?"

"You," said he, with smiling emphasis.

She looked at him queerly for an instant and then went her way.

When he saw her again, a few days afterward, one late afternoon when she was tired after a heavy day's painting, she railed at him with a return of her old biting manner. He looked surprised and pained. She relented.

"Forgive me, my good Ephraim," she said, "but I've the rough luck to be a woman. No man alive can ever conjecture what a devil of a thing that is to be."

He smiled. "You mustn't overwork," said he. "A woman hasn't the brute strength of a man."

"You're delicious!" she said.

But she was kind—exceedingly kind—to him thereafter and fitted up the nursery in a way that made the two babies beam with delight. So Quixtus lived halcyon days.

In spite of qualms of conscience, these were halcyon days for Huckaby. He had already entered on his duties as Quixtus' assistant in the preparation of the monumental work on The Household Arts of the Neolithic Age. There were hundreds of marked passages in books to transcribe, with accurate notes of reference; hundreds of learned periodicals in all languages, with articles bearing on the subject to be condensed and indexed; thousands of notes of Quixtus to be collated; thousands of photographs and drawings to be classified. Never having been admitted into the inner factory of his patron's work, he was astonished at the enormous amount of material, the evidence of the unsuspected patient labor of years. He began to feel a new respect for Quixtus, whom hitherto he had regarded as a dilettante. Of course he knew that Quixtus had a European reputation. He had not taken the reputation seriously. Like Clementina, he had been wont to scoff at prehistoric man. Now he realized for the first time that a man cannot gain a European reputation in any branch of human activity without paying the price in toil; that there are qualities of energy, brain and will inherent in any man who takes front rank; that there must be a calm, infinite thoroughness in his work that is beyond the power of the smaller man. No wonder his French colleagues called Quixtus *cher maître* and deferred to his judgment. In his workroom Quixtus was a great man; and Huckaby, seeing him now in his workroom, recognized the fact.

The prospects of his appointment as secretary to the Anthropological Society were also fair. Hitherto, the responsibilities of that position had been borne by one of the members in an honorary capacity, a paid and unimportant underling performing the clerical duties; but for the last year or so, the operations of the society having extended, the secretaryship had become too great a tax on the time of any unpaid and no matter how enthusiastic gentleman. The council, therefore, had practically determined on the appointment of a salaried secretary and were much impressed by the qualifications of the president's nominee. A secretary who can print below his name on official papers the fact that he is a master of arts and late fellow of his college lends distinction to any learned society. A snuffy, seedy and crotchety member had been put forward as an opposition candidate, but his chances were small. Huckaby's star was in the ascendant.

It was a happy day for him when he moved his books and few other belongings from the evil garret where he had lived to modest but cheerful lodgings near Russell Square. He looked for the last time around the room that had been the scene of so many degradations, of so many despairs, of so many torturings of soul. All that was a part of his past life: the greasy wallpaper; the rickety deal furniture; the filth-sodden, ragged carpet; the slimy soot on the window-sill that had crept in from the circumambient chimney stacks through the ill-fitting windowsash; the narrow, rank bed. All that had been part and parcel of his being. The familiar smell of uncared-for, unclean human lives saturated the house. He shuddered and slammed the door and tore down the stairs. Never again! Never again, so help him God! A short while afterward he was busy arranging his books in the bright, clean sitting room of his new lodgings; and a neat maid in white cap, cuffs and apron brought in afternoon tea, which she disposed in decent fashion on a little table. When she had gone he stood and looked down upon the dainty array. He realized that henceforward this was his home. He picked up from a plate a little three-cornered watercress sandwich; but, instead of eating it, he stared at it—and the tears rolled down his face.

One day, however, toward the end of July, was marked by a black cloud. His day's work being over, he was walking with light step to his lodgings when he saw in the distance awaiting him, on his doorstep, the sinister forms of Billiter and Vandermeer. His first impulse was to turn and flee; but they had already caught sight of him.

"Hello, old friend!" said Billiter in a beery voice. "So we've tracked you down, eh? We called at the old place and found you had gone and left no address. Thought you would give us the slip, eh?"

His linen was of the dingiest. His face had grown more bloated. Vandermeer, pinched, foxy and rusty, thrust his hard felt hat to the back of his head and, hands on hips, looked threateningly at Huckaby.

"I suppose you know you've been playing a low down game."

"I know nothing of the sort," said Huckaby.

"Oh, don't you?" said Billiter. "Look at you and look at us! Who's been getting all the fat and who all the lean? We have something to say to you, old friend; so let's get indoors and have it out between us."

He made a move, accompanied by Vandermeer, toward the front door; but Huckaby checked them, stricken with sudden revolt. His past life should not defile the sanctity of his new home. He would not admit them across his threshold.

"No!" said he. "Whatever we've got to say to one another can be said here."

"All right," said Vandermeer sulkily. "There's a quiet pub at the corner."

"I've chucked pubs," said Huckaby.

"Come off it!" sneered Billiter. "At any rate, you can stand a round of drinks."

"I've chucked drink too," said Huckaby. "I've sworn off. I'll never touch a drop of liquor as long as I live—and I advise you fellows to do the same."

They burst out laughing, asked him for tickets for his next temperance lecture, and then began to abuse him after the manner of their kind.

"This is a decent street," said Huckaby; "so please don't make a row."

"We're not making any row," cried Billiter. "We only want our share of the money."

"What money? Didn't I write and tell you the whole thing was off? She couldn't stick it out and neither could I. Quixtus hasn't given her one penny-piece."

"We'll see what the lady has to say about that," growled Billiter.

"You're going to leave that lady alone henceforth and forever," said Huckaby with a new ring in his voice.

The others sneered. Since when had Huckaby constituted himself squire of dames? Billiter, with profane asseveration, would do exactly what he chose. Wasn't it his scheme? He deserved his share. Vandermeer gloomily reminded him that he had cast doubts from the first on Huckaby's probity. He had put them in the cart in fine fashion. They refused to believe in Lena Fontaine's squeamishness. Huckaby grew impatient.

"Haven't you each received a letter from Quixtus' solicitors? Haven't you each signed an agreement not to worry him—on forfeiture of your allowance? Now I swear that, if either of you molests her, you'll be molesting Quixtus. I'll jolly well see to that. She'll tell me and I'll tell him—and bang! goes the monthly money."

Vandermeer's shrewd wits began to work.

"Molest her and we molest Quixtus? Oho! Is that the little game? She's going to marry him, eh?"

"If she does, what the blazes has that got to do with you?" Huckaby cried fiercely. "You just let the woman alone. You've got a sight more out of Quixtus than you ever expected, and you ought to be satisfied."

"We ought to get more," said Billiter, "considering what we've done for him."

"You won't," said Huckaby; and, seeing that they both still regarded Quixtus as a subject for further exploitation, "Let me tell you something," said he—"a few simple facts that alter the situation completely. Let us take a turn down the street."

And as they walked he told them briefly of Hammersley's death and the Marseilles visit and the return of Quixtus, a changed man, with Clementina and the child. The bee, on which they had reckoned for honey, had left Quixtus' bonnet. There was no more bedlamite talk about wickedness. Their occupation as evil counselors had gone forever. They had better accept thankfully what they had and disappear. Any action directed against either Quixtus or Lena Fontaine would automatically bring about the demise of the goose with the golden eggs. At last he convinced them of the futility of blackmail: but they parted from him each with a burning sense of wrong. Lena Fontaine and Huckaby had put them in the cart. They were left. They were done; they were—they were all things that slang has invented to describe the position of men deceived by those in whom they trusted.

"And she's going to marry him!" said Vandermeer.

"Huckaby didn't say so," replied Billiter.

"He didn't contradict it. She's going to marry him—and you bet that son of a pawnticket will get his commission!"

"Well, we can't help ourselves," said Billiter.

"H'm!" said Vandermeer darkly.

Huckaby, conscious of victory, went home; and taking an old school-text of the Phædo from his shelves he abstracted his mind from the sordid happenings of the modern world.

It was a day or two after this adventure of Huckaby's that Quixtus informed Clementina of his intention of giving a dinner party in honor of Tommy and Etta's engagement. She commended the project—a nice little intimate dinner ——

"I'm afraid I'm planning rather a large affair," said he apologetically. "A party of about twenty people."

"Lord save us!" cried Clementina. "Where are you going to dig them up from?"

He stretched out his long, thin legs. They were sitting on a bench in the gardens of Russell Square, Sheila having strayed a few yards to investigate the contents of a perambulator in charge of a smiling and friendly nursemaid.

"There are people to whom I owe a return of hospitality," said he with a smile, "and I think a certain amount of formality is due to Admiral Concannon."

"All right," said Clementina; "who are they?"

"There are the admiral and yourself and Tommy and Etta, Lord and Lady Radfield, General and Mrs. Barnes, Sir Edward and Lady Quinn, Doorly—the novelist, you know—Mrs. Fontaine and Lady Louisa Malling "

Clementina stiffened. The blood seemed to flow from her heart, leaving it an intolerable icicle. "Why Mrs. Fontaine?"

"Why not?"

"Why should Mrs. Fontaine be asked to Etta's party?"

"She's a charming woman," said Quixtus.

"Just a shallow society hack," said Clementina, to whom Quixtus had not confided his adventures in the gay world—not through conscious disingenuousness, but assuming that such chronicles would not interest her.

"I'm afraid you do her an injustice," he said warmly. "Mrs. Fontaine has very brilliant social gifts. I'm sorry, my dear Clementina, that we disagree on the point; but, anyhow, she must be invited. As a matter of fact, it was she who suggested the party."

Clementina opened her lips to speak and then closed them with a snap. Mother Eve sat at her elbow and murmured words of good counsel. Not by abuse is an infatuated and Quixotic man weaned from seductresses. She swallowed her anger and fierce jealousy.

"In that case, my dear Ephraim," she said with mincing civility, "there is no question about it. Of course she must be invited."

"Of course," said he.

"Who else are to come?"

He ran through the list. One or two of the prospective guests she knew personally, others by name; as to the personalities of those unknown to her she made polite inquiries. So unwontedly sugared were her phrases that Quixtus, simple man, forgot her outburst.

"You haven't given a dinner party like this for a long time."

"Not for many years. Of course I have had men's dinners—chiefly my colleagues in the Anthropological Society; but this is a new venture."

"I wish it every success," said Clementina mendaciously. "The only wrong note in it would be myself. Oh, yes, my dear Ephraim," she said, anticipating his protest, "I'm not made for such a galaxy of fashion. I tread upon daintily covered corns. I'm a savage—all right in my wigwam, with those I care for—but no use in a drawing room. You must leave me out of it."

Quixtus, shocked and hurt, turned and put out both hands in appeal.

"My dearest friend, how can you say such things? You positively must come."

"My dearest friend," she replied, forcing her grim lips into a smile, "I positively won't!"

And that was the end of the matter. She parted from him cordially—and went home with more devils tearing her to pieces with red-hot pincers than had ever been dreamed of in Quixtus' demonology.

XXII

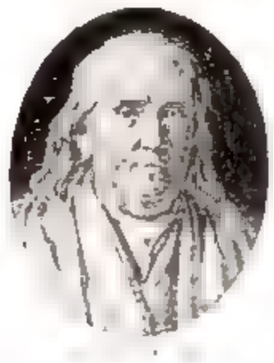
ROMNEY PLACE slumbered in the afternoon sunshine. Most of the blinds of the Early Victorian houses were drawn, symbols of quietude within. A Persian cat walking across the roadway stopped in the middle, after the manner of cats, and leisurely made her toilet. A milkcart progressed discreetly from door to door, and the milkman handed the cans to hands upstretched from areas with unclattering and non-flirtatious punctilio. When he had finished his round and disappeared by the church the street was empty for a moment. The cat resumed her journey and sat on a doorstep, blinking in the sun. Presently a foxy-faced man, shabbily clad, entered this peaceful scene and walked slowly down the pavement.

It was Vandermeer, still burning with a sense of wrong, yearning for vengeance yet trembling at the prospect of wreaking it. At Tommy's door he hesitated. Of his former visit to the young man no pleasant recollections lingered. Tommy's manners were impulsive rather than urbane. Would he listen to Vandermeer's story or would he kick him out of the house? Vandermeer, on starting out on his pilgrimage to Romney Place, had fortified himself with the former conjecture. Now that he had come to the end of it the latter appeared inevitable. He always shrank from physical violence. It would hurt very much to be kicked out of the house, to say nothing of the moral damage. He hovered in agonizing uncertainty and took off his hat, for the afternoon was warm. Now, while he was mopping the brow of dubiety, a front door lower down the street opened and a nurse and a little girl appeared. They descended the steps and walked past him. Vandermeer looked after them for a moment, then stuck on his hat and punched the left-hand palm with the right-hand fist, with the air of a man to whom has occurred an inspiration. Miss Clementina Wing also lived in Romney Place. That must be the child—Quixtus' ward—of whom Huckaby had spoken. It would be much better to take his story to Clementina Wing, now so intimately associated with Quixtus. Women, he argued, are much more easily inveigled into intrigue than men and they don't kick you out of the house in a manner to cause bodily pain. Besides, Clementina had

(Continued on Page 35)

She Waved Both Hands at Him Blindly. "Go Away! Go Away!" She Said in a Hoarse Whisper

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 22, 1911

Our Express Friends

BE IT enacted, etc., That no higher postage rates shall be charged for the transmission of mail entirely within the United States than is charged for the transmission of mail partly within and partly without the United States," says a little bill recently introduced by Senator Bourne.

The Senator explained: "Within the United States, the rate of postage on fourth-class matter is sixteen cents a pound, with a limit of four pounds to a package; but the United States is party to a treaty under which residents of twenty-nine foreign countries may send fourth-class matter through the United States mails at twelve cents a pound with a limit of eleven pounds. In other words, a man may send an eleven-pound package from San Francisco to Rome at twelve cents a pound; but if he wishes to send the same articles to New York he must divide them into packages not exceeding four pounds in weight and pay sixteen cents a pound."

The difference is simply this: The twenty-nine foreign countries referred to have parcels-posts—the United States has express companies.

Two Views of Reciprocity

THIS Canadian tariff bill, passed just as the President desires it," said Senator La Follette, "will benefit nobody but Canada, the railroads, a few trusts and the newspapers."

On the same day, Senator Dixon, of Montana, said: "I have always counted myself a pretty good protectionist. I voted for the Payne bill without any apology. . . . Do not be mistaken, gentlemen. Whenever you deliberately, under whatever pressure, destroy the measure of protection that the farmers of this country have enjoyed, that minute the death-knell of protective tariff is rung. . . . When reciprocity passes I am ready to start revising the tariff, and it will not be confined to the wool schedule and the farmers' free list. I am ready to take the whole thing from A to Z; and so far as I am concerned, I am ready to give it a revision that will not be a homeopathic one."

We submit that to bring a statesman who voted for the Payne bill without apology into that frame of mind is beneficial to somebody besides the railroads, a few trusts and the newspapers. It is immediately beneficial to the statesman and it promises large future benefits to a great many others.

The Rule of Reason

IN 1903 the United States Circuit Court at St. Louis ordered a dissolution of the Northern Securities Company, holding it to be in violation of the Sherman Act because it virtually effected a consolidation of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific railroads. Last month the same court decided against the Government in a suit to dissolve Mr. Harriman's virtual consolidation of the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific railroads.

If the northern merger was really objectionable on any sound ground of public policy the same objection obviously would lie against the southern merger. In both cases the two roads involved were parallel and theoretically competitive. For several years Mr. Harriman was president of both the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific; his successor, Mr. Lovett, is now president of both roads. For all practical purposes the two are, and long have been, managed as one property just as much as the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern were managed as one property under the Hill combine.

The Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific are farther apart than the two northern roads; control of them is unified under a different plan. If the law's object, however, should be to prevent suppression of competition between roads that are physically in a state to compete, both combines stand on the same footing; and a good many others—for example, the virtual merger of the Lake Shore and the Michigan Central; of the New York Central and the West Shore—would fall under the ban.

As long as the Government has control over railroad rates and service there is no valid objection to a merger of parallel roads. The Circuit Court's later decision shines with the light of reason.

An Imperiled Right of Man

WE ARE reminded by a learned contemporary that reticence in males is commonly classed with tuberculosis as a preventable disease which society at large should do its best to eliminate. The adult male, not visibly afflicted with a contagious ailment, who keeps to himself on an extended journey by land or sea is supposed to be suffering from shyness. Everybody knows how to cure shyness, and what compassionate person can see a fellow mortal pine and wither under a curable disorder for which he—or, rather oftener, she has a specific right at hand? No doubt many reticent men have gone insane as a result of sympathetic treatments for supposed shyness.

Differences in taste in some respects are allowed for. If a man orders fish instead of flesh it is generally assumed that he prefers fish. If he takes tea at breakfast no kind lady who doesn't know his name thinks of going over and informing him that he can have coffee at the same price. He may wear a bow tie and turndown collar every day in the week without having sociable strangers offer him four-in-hand ties and standing collars; but if he doesn't talk there is by no means the same general disposition to assume that he actually prefers silence to conversation. A commoner assumption is that he must be aching to converse and the longer he abstains the worse he is supposed to ache. When the bill of rights was added to the Federal Constitution it should have contained the following: "Article XI. A male citizen may keep his mouth shut if he wishes."

The Way to Argue

HERE is a fine argument for dogdays: Secession, in 1860, proposed to take eleven states out of the Union, but direct election of Senators by the people will obliterate all state sovereignty, thereby taking forty-six states out of the Union; hence, direct election of Senators is four times as dangerous as secession.

One of New York's most eminent lawyers leads us to the above distressing conclusion. Direct election of Senators by the people, he says, "is the most dangerous innovation ever attempted since the formation of the Government." He has discovered that "a nation with one legislative house, chosen by popular vote, cannot live long." But two houses chosen by direct popular vote amount, he thinks, to the same thing as one house, for both derive their being from the same source in the same way. Therefore, if Senators are directly elected by the people the United States cannot live long. It might endure for ages with a Senate full of Lorimers; but with a Senate directly elected it would have one foot in the grave and the other slipping over the edge.

Now this is really fine arguing. If you want to persuade a man to plant beans instead of corn don't tell him merely that he can make eight per cent more on beans. Tell him Daniel Webster was nourished on beans, while corn is used to fatten pigs which develop trichina, which is fatal to human beings; then ask him whether he wants his children to grow up and be ornaments of the Senate or to suffer untimely and painful death. If that doesn't daze him so that he is unable to detect a flaw in the argument think up something worse. In simpler times when A wished to persuade B he selected the largest stone he could manage and projected it against B's skull with all the force of which he was capable. Thereafter he had the argument all to himself. The same method, but with different projectiles, is still in high favor.

Accidents to Workmen

THE compulsory accident insurance system of Germany embraces ten million workmen. A recent elaborate report by the Imperial Insurance Office shows that, in a year, almost one workman out of every hundred meets an accident that causes death or disability extending for thirteen weeks or longer. Practically half the workmen so disabled were still suffering some degree of disability at the end of five years after the accident.

Taking all cases of death or serious disability—that is, disability extending over thirteen weeks—six per cent of the accidents were due to the fault of a fellow workman, thirteen per cent were due to the fault of the employer, thirty-eight per cent were due to the general hazard of the industry and forty-one per cent to the fault of the person injured, leaving two per cent unassigned; but it is found that workmen who have been employed in an industry or in an establishment but a short time are more liable to injury than those who have been employed a longer time. More than one-quarter of all the persons injured had been employed less than three months in the establishment where the accident occurred. Many of the accidents due to the workman's own fault doubtless resulted from ignorance and inexperience. Also, more accidents occurred on Monday forenoon and on Saturday afternoon than during any other portion of the week—when the men were getting settled down to their new week's work—and at the end of it, when they were anxious to quit.

If one out of a hundred German workmen is killed or seriously injured in industrial accidents during a year, we wonder what the workmen's accident rate really is in this country, where we take much less care to prevent industrial accidents, where the pace is generally faster and where hordes of raw immigrants, inexperienced in any sort of factory employment, are annually drawn into some of the most hazardous industries.

Are Married Women Ciphers?

ON A FRIDAY in June a formidable deputation of female representatives of various trade and social organizations waited upon the Chancellor of the British Exchequer for the purpose of propounding the most puzzling economic problem of the times—to wit, What is a married woman who merely keeps house?

According to the practice of nearly all nations she is, economically speaking, only a cipher. Our census does not regard her as being engaged in a gainful occupation and vested with economic significance. In any statistical study of the country's bread-winning power she figures as a row of naughts. Chancellor Lloyd-George's scheme of Government-aided insurance against sickness and disability makes no provision for the married housekeeping female.

It was pointed out, with considerable vigor, that working girls in England usually commence wage-earning when they are about sixteen; and a majority of them marry by the time they are thirty. Under the Lloyd-George plan they are compelled to contribute to an insurance fund during the healthiest years of their lives; but when they marry they are cut off from all benefits accruing from the fund—the Government practically confiscates their insurance-savings.

The theory is that their husbands will support them. It is easy enough to prove by records of divorce courts, police courts and charitable organizations that many husbands take exception to this theory; still easier is it to prove that if the housewife is sick the husband's ability to support her is often seriously impaired. Incapacity on the wife's part may often involve greater economic injury to the family than incapacity on the husband's part.

The economic status of wedded females ought to be settled; but we have no faith in man's ability to settle it satisfactorily. Man has never been able to settle anything about women satisfactorily. The problem is up to the married females themselves.

Financing the Cotton Crop

COTTON is far and away the most important item among our exports, fetching well toward half a billion dollars annually and constituting nearly one-quarter of our total exports. The exportation of cotton is financed mainly with foreign money. A year ago in April it was discovered that forged bills of lading for cotton had been issued to the amount of several million dollars. The loss fell largely upon foreign bankers. Naturally they didn't like it. Since then many conferences have been held for the purpose of devising a bill-of-lading system that would be satisfactory to the foreign bankers; but, so far, the conferences have not solved the problem.

The importance of solving it arises from the fact that the foreign money which is available for financing cotton exports costs only about half as much as American money; but undoubtedly the South could have American money for the purpose of financing cotton shipments at a lower rate of interest than she now pays if we only had a discount market like the discount markets of Europe. In that case, a bill drawn against a shipment of cotton and indorsed by a bank of standing, according to the European practice, could be discounted for about the same rate that is now paid in New York for loans on stock-exchange collateral, and that rate is almost invariably much below the rate for commercial loans.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Gentleman from Mississippi

WHEN John Sharp Williams stuck his head through the door of the Democratic cloakroom in the Senate the other day and took a calm and contemplative look around, with a corncob pipe in his teeth the while and little rings of smoke festooning themselves on the tattered remains of what was once his curly hair, and then dodged back to his chair in the cloakroom to continue his narrative, we all knew everything was all right.

For a time we had been a little uncertain of John Sharp. We had doubts as to whether he would run true to his old House form, or would be impressed with his dignity as a Senator and have his toga valeted every morning. However, the fears were groundless. John Sharp wears his dignity as a Senator with the same nonchalance with which he wears the bow of his black tie around under his left ear—and all is well.

You see, John Sharp had been away from our seething midst for quite a spell. They are wise in Mississippi; and they fixed it so their legislature meets but once in four years or six—or something like that. At any rate, their legislature does not get to pestering around every year as legislatures do in most other states; and the result is that when they elect a Senator down there they elect him far enough in advance of the beginning of his term to give him ample time to appreciate what has been done for him, and to allow him a period for rest, reflection and resolve. Thus, though John Sharp was chosen in the Senate primaries on August 1, 1907, and elected to the Senate on January 23, 1908, he didn't begin to be a Senator, in the strict sense of being on the payroll, until March 4, 1911.

Meantime John Sharp, after leaving the House of Representatives at the close of the Sixtieth Congress, lived on Cedar Grove Farm, in Benton, Mississippi, which is on Rural Free Delivery Route Number One, following the varied pursuits of a planter, which include the scholarly and reverent cultivation of a mint patch, the higher education of some hounds, calm contemplation with Epictetus, communion with Marcus Aurelius, occasional excursions with Empedocles, Horace, Seneca and others of the restful old boys, and the consumption of hot bread for breakfast. Two years of this agricultural labor and John Sharp came back to Washington, his hair a little grayer, his mustache a little scraggier, but his eye just as bright and his mind just as clear and his trousers needing to be pressed just as much.

Still, he said nothing. When the Senate finally decided to fix up its committees they put John Sharp on Finance and Military Affairs among others, and he sat for hours in the reciprocity hearings held by Senator Penrose's bunch of loyal and loving friends of that great Administration measure—that is, as loyal as they are loving, both of which they are neither, as Coe I. Crawford would say—and listened to various delegations and deputations tell how reciprocity would ruin them, on the one hand, and enrich them, on the other hand; but he didn't sparkle a single spark on the floor of the Senate, where practically every other new Senator had increased the wonder as to how he got there by making a public address—and some of them seven or eight.

An Ample Field for the Hide-Remover

JOHN SHARP said nary a word. Then, on May twenty-fifth, when Senator Root was pointing out how gravely the foundations of the Republic are threatened by the incendiary scheme of electing Senators by the direct vote of the people—and his own foundations too, by the way—John Sharp climbed aboard of Mr. Root for a brief space. And just as he began to mount he explained it all. "Mr. President," he said, "I had not intended to open my mouth at this session of the Senate of the United States, but it seems to me it is necessary that my own position should be made clear on this question." Then he made it clear in about five hundred words, not only to the Senate but to Senator Root. Making things clear is one of John Sharp's specialties. After that he retired to the cloakroom and his corncob pipe; and, save for a question or two, he has said nothing up to the moment of writing.

Presently, however, we shall hope to see and hear John Sharp in action. What the Senate of the United States needs more at the present time than any one thing is the presence of somebody who has a sense of humor. It takes itself so seriously these days that it creaks with dignity. Admitting that it is a great and solemn thing to be a Senator, it must also be admitted that many solemn if not great things are Senators. Never a ray of sunshine

He is the Same Whimsical, Delightful, Brilliant Chap He Always Was

penetrates that turbid assemblage. First Heyburn talks and then Bacon talks, and then Bacon talks and Heyburn follows; and even the bronze lady on the dome weeps dolorously every minute they are in session. So, if John Sharp isn't scared of his surroundings and hasn't left that pretty wit of his down on the plantation, we shall live in palpitating anticipation that some day he will cut loose and give the presiding officer the chance to say, for the first time this session: "The Senator will suspend while the chair informs the galleries that laughter and other evidences of approval and disapproval are forbidden by the rules of the Senate."

Not that John Sharp is a jokesmith or a humorist, but that he has concealed about him ideas that can be clothed otherwise than in the usual cerementitious language that prevails and not lose any of their force or appositeness at that. When he was in the House it was a joy to hear him speak, especially when he was removing the hide of General Grosvenor or ex-Uncle Joe Cannon or the melancholy John Dalzell. Heaven knows he has ample field for his hide-remover where he is now; and its advent will be hailed with loud cheers by all and sundry, and particularly by those unfortunates who make their living by observing what the Senate does and how the Senate does it.

John Sharp doesn't seem a day older than when he was with us before. He isn't any more impressed apparently with the sacred traditions of the Senate than he was with the scared traditions of the House. What he is doing, most likely, is studying his associates in that select body—watching them work out—with an eye cocked to one side and a chew of tobacco in the right place, fixing them in his mind and getting them sized up, so he can tell where to begin when it seems necessary to let a little light into the skull of a benighted but dignified brother. Well, John Sharp is somewhat of a light-letter when he gets at it. He sure knows how.

He hasn't changed any. He is the same whimsical, delightful, brilliant chap he always was—absent-minded, preoccupied, unimpressed by any but the essentials, careless, happy-go-lucky and smarter than a steel trap. Did you ever hear of the time when he was living down at the old hotel on the Avenue and was going to dine at the White House? His wife was not here at the time and John had to look out for himself in the way of sartorial embellishment. He began work on his toilet at half after six—the dinner was at eight—and he made heavy weather of it. From time to time he went to the room of his neighbor, Cooper, of Texas, to consult about details

"I suppose I've got to wear a high collar and one of those dadbinged white ties?" he suggested to Cooper

"Sure you have, John Sharp—and tie the tie yourself."

John Sharp went back and struggled with the tie. Finally he got it in shape.

"Shall I put on a black waistcoat or a white one, Cooper?" he asked plaintively. "You know I don't bother my head about these things."

"Put on a white one, John Sharp," counseled the friendly Cooper.

John Sharp went back to his room and fussed around some more. Then, complete and superb, as he thought, he went in to have Cooper take a final look at him. He burst in and struck an attitude.

"Observe me, Cooper!" he shouted. "Observe the sartorial model from Yazoo, Mississippi! Take a look at the mold of fashion and the glass of form! How do I look, Cooper? How do I look?"

"Well, John Sharp," replied Cooper mildly, "I think you would look a leetle mite better if you went back to that room of yours and put on your pants!"

A Jockey's Judgment

J. W. COLT, the horseman, had a jockey who was sick. He told the boy to go to town to a certain doctor for some medicine.

When the jockey got back Colt asked him: "Did you go to that doctor?"

"No, sir. When I got there I found it said, 'Hours, one to two,' on his door."

"Well, what difference did that make?"

"Why, Mr. Colt, just across the street there was another doctor that had on his door, 'Hours, twelve to one'; and I took the long odds."

An Unknown Celebrity

VICE-PRESIDENT SHERMAN went to a New York theater a time ago to see Frank Daniels. Between acts the party, which occupied one of the boxes, went out into the lobby. One of the friends of the Vice-President spoke to the doorkeeper.

"See that man over there—that stout one, with the florid face?"

"Yep."

"That's the Vice-President of the United States."

"You don't say!"

"Yes; that's the Vice-President. Now, we're in Box A. Send back word to Frank Daniels that the Vice-President is in that box and have Daniels kid him a little."

"Sure," said the doorkeeper. "Fine idea! Now, let's see—what's his name? Oh, yes; I remember now—it's Fairbanks."

Advertising Adam

MEMBERS of Congress write the sketches of their lives that appear in the Congressional Directory, though not many outside of Washington know that.

In the present directory, Representative Adam Littlepage, of West Virginia, has an autobiography that lays over anything ever printed in that book.

They were talking about this in Charleston.

"Adam laid it on pretty thick," said one man. "He shouldn't have done that."

"Why not?" asked another. "He knew what he was doing. Why, you can't beat him for Governor next time! He's already sent out two thousand copies of that book to show the folks back home what the Government thinks of him."

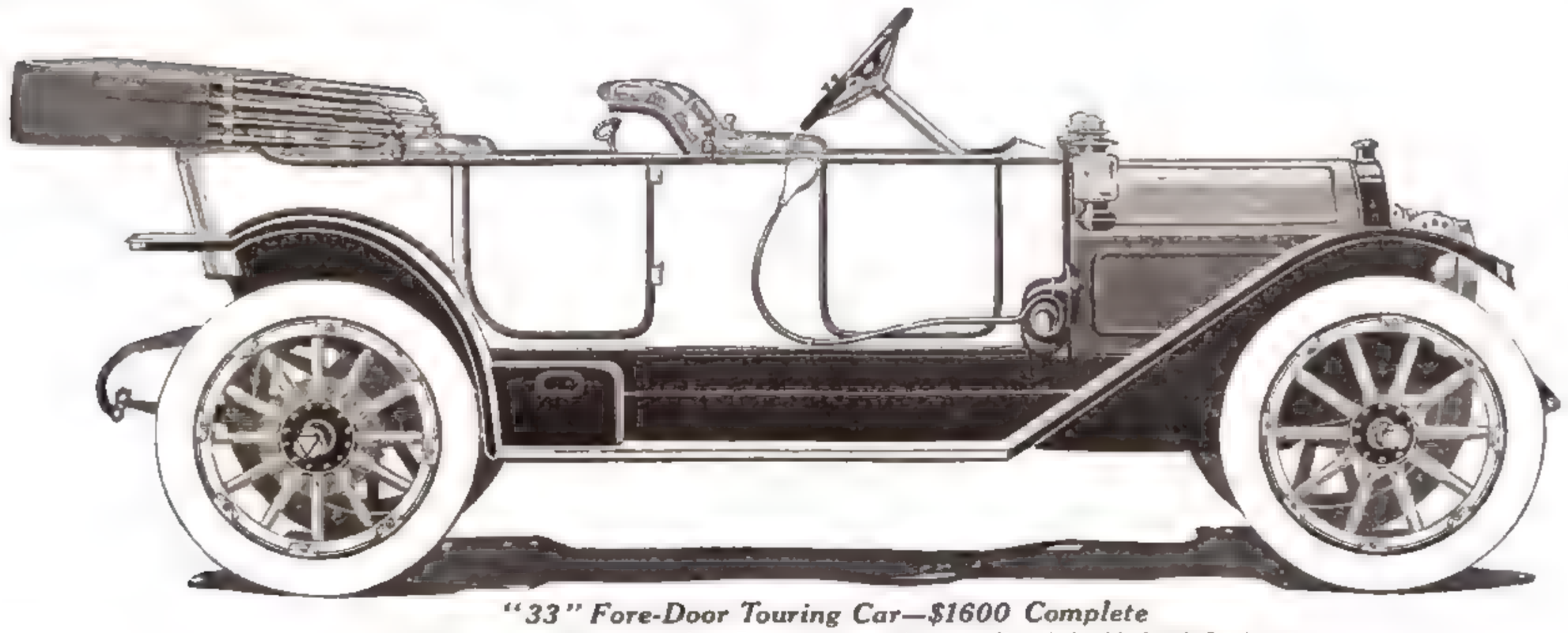
The Hall of Fame

¶ Senator Brandegee, of Connecticut, is the most enthusiastic automobilist of the Senate.

¶ Senator Lippett, of Rhode Island, raises fancy chickens for fun and for the tables of his friends.

¶ Henry Blossom, the playwright, broke into dramatic art by way of a clerkship in an insurance office.

¶ M. E. Ingalls, the railroad president, was a member of the Massachusetts State Senate away back in 1867.



"33" Fore-Door Touring Car—$1600 Complete

A large, handsome car, which accommodates five passengers without crowding is furnished with Bosch magneto and storage battery, genuine mohair top, glass windshield, 34 x 4 inch tires on Demountable Rims, extra rim and tire irons. Inside control, full lamp equipment with Prest-O-Lite tank, big, beautiful lamps enameled black. Robe and foot rails, cocoa floor mat. Tool box on running board. Tools, license number holders. Tire repair kit, etc.

See th
on the

The 1912 HUDSON "33" Now on Exhibition Everywhere

You can see the 1912 HUDSON "33" TODAY at any HUDSON salesroom. It has many improvements, many refinements and much additional equipment that make it an even greater value than was the HUDSON "33" of 1911. No extra charge is made for equipment.

Since you are familiar with the 1911 car, then you must be curious to know how it has been possible to increase its value.

HOWARD E. COFFIN'S latest car—the HUDSON "33" was delivered to the first buyer less than a year ago. Mr. promises for its value, its simplicity, its beauty and its power up to that time could necessarily be no more than a claim.

So startling were our statements that we were accused of being extravagant. But we knew what the HUDSON "33" would do, for it was Mr. Coffin's latest design. He had already built four famously successful cars. They were the leaders of their times. Each had marked a distinct advancement toward simplicity and service value and had established a new lower price basis for cars of quality.

Our organization has built all the cars Mr. Coffin ever designed and it therefore realizes the value of the "33."

We knew, and the trade—makers, engineers and dealers—also knew, that there could be no experimenting in the work of Howard E. Coffin. Of course some hesitated at accepting all we said. Similar statements about other cars had been made before and experience had shown that performance did not fully meet the promises.

But many personally knew Howard E. Coffin's ability and therefore understood the conservativeness of our claims. As a consequence, when the dealers showed the "33"

They Sold 687 HUDSONS the First Day

The majority of those who bought had owned cars of Mr. Coffin's earlier designs. They knew the character of his work. But the continued demand which left us at the end of the season with some 2000 more orders than we could fill was due to the performance the car was constantly giving on the road in the hands of every possible type of automobile user.

These drivers were showing and proving positively the conservativeness of our claims. Hundreds had owned many cars of different makes and therefore could make comparisons. They therefore chose the HUDSON "33." Hundreds who were having their first experience, chose the HUDSON "33." Professional race drivers made a similar choice because of the car's power, simplicity and wide range of flexibility. Famous engineers chose the HUDSON "33," for they recognized the soundness of all the ideas incorporated in its construction. And hundreds who demanded a high standard of comfort and beauty, as well as mechanical excellence, also chose the HUDSON "33."

We pointed out that the HUDSON "33" had fewer parts than other cars of similar size and power, and critics argued that we thereby sacrificed strength. But a year's usage has shown such fears to be groundless.

We claimed then the HUDSON "33" to be the one advanced car in the past two years, that other makers would adopt its features as early as possible. That statement, too, is verified by the changes that have been made by those makers whose facilities would permit the alterations in their plans.

Other changes embracing the features now found only on the "33" will appear a year hence when makers have had an opportunity to adopt these more advanced ideas.

Value of the Dust Proof Features

Much was said about the dust proof features of the HUDSON "33." The valve mechanism is inclosed, thus protecting it from dust and sand which on other cars settle on the tappets and wear away the adjustments as though emery dust had been used.

The HUDSON "33" is as quiet in operation as any car that has been built, no matter what its cost. Its motor when running idle can scarcely be heard. In pulling a load, it does so without effort and without noise.

Many motors and cars operate quietly when new but soon become noisy.

Dust and sand are large factors in the destruction of an automobile.

The grit wears away adjustments. It grinds out bearings. A few grains of sand or dust will do more damage than thousands of miles of service.

These shortcomings in other cars were pointed out and we showed how they had been corrected in the HUDSON "33."

Greater Value This Year Than Last

One year's experience with thousands of cars, in addition to establishing the correctness of design and sufficiency of materials, has shown us how to add to the comfort, simplicity and value of the car.

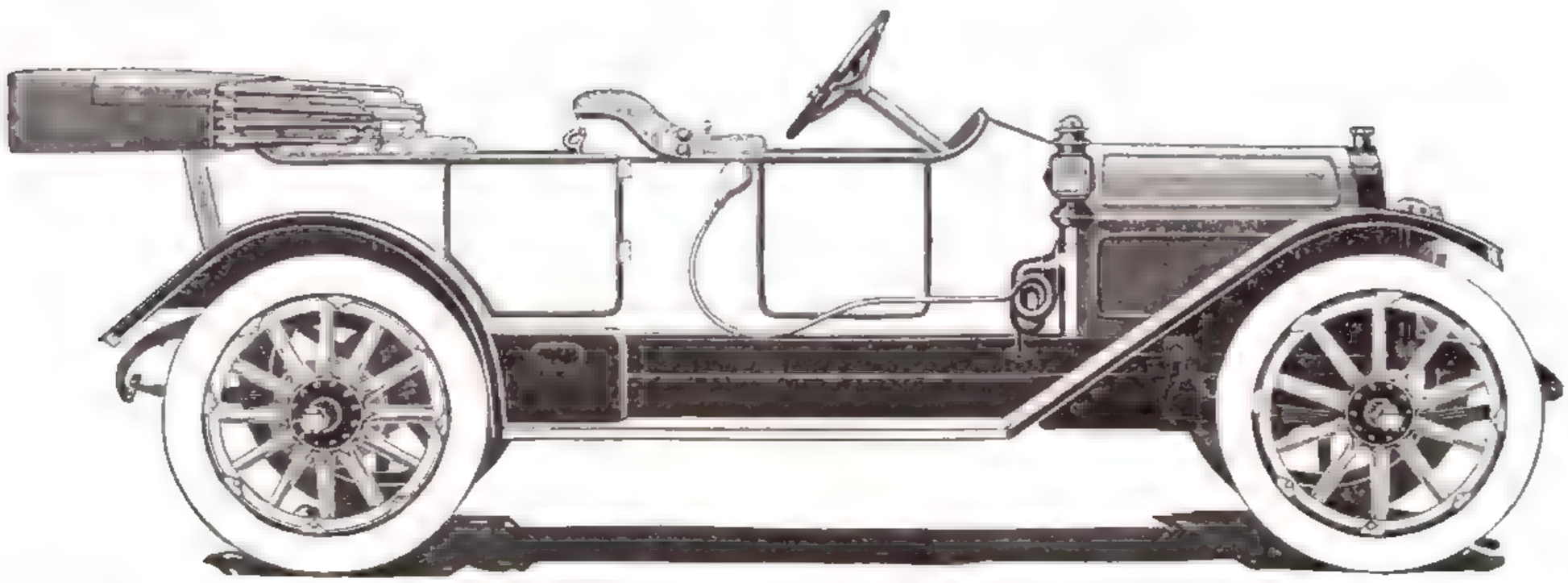
It has given practice to our workmen with the result that they do their work more skilfully. This means quieter operation and longer service for the car.

In the matter of tires, for instance—the most costly single item entering into the operation of an automobile—we have in the 1912 model assured greater economy.

Last year we furnished 34 x 3½-inch tires, a size tire makers say is large enough for a car of the weight of the HUDSON "33"

This, the most modern automobile plant in existence (two city blocks in

e Triangle
Radiator



"33" Torpedo—$1600 Complete

A smart car, short coupled, with long, low, rakish lines and high-back comfortable seats. It is equipped with Bosch magneto and storage battery, genuine mohair top, glass windshield, 34 x 4 inch tires on Demountable Rims, extra rim and tire irons. Inside control, full lamp equipment with Prest-O-Lite tank, big, beautiful lamps enameled black. Robe and foot rails, cocoa floor mat. Tool box on running board. Tools, license number holders, etc.

This year to assure longer service, we are using 34 x 4 inch tires.

To reduce all annoyance of delays and work on the road the "33" is this year furnished with Demountable Rims. Fear of punctures need no longer exist, for a ready-inflated tire can be substituted so easily that a woman can make the change in five minutes.

Wider and deeper seats with higher backs are furnished. The springs are made longer and therefore more flexible. In hundreds of little things we have added a touch of simplicity and of elegance that increases greatly the evident value you obtain in the HUDSON "33."

Control levers are located inside and are operated by the right hand, yet do not interfere with the driver's knees, which is a common fault with most cars that have inside controls.

Equipment Is Included

Last year we quoted the car stripped, selling the top, magneto, and Prest-O-Lite tank as extras at $150. This year these things with the Demountable Rims, larger tires, heavier, larger lamps, etc., are listed with the car.

All models sell at the same price—$1600.

When you get the 1912 HUDSON "33" it is equipped ready for complete and satisfactory service. Even the license number holders and tire irons are in place.

We Have Spent Lavishly

No expense has been spared in making the 1912 HUDSON "33" all that could be desired in every particular. The best of everything has been used. We were generous in this respect with the 1911 model.

This season we are even more particular as to the quality of materials and the way they are assembled. You can't see just how we have added to this quality except by the perfect operation of the car.

You can see however [illegible] that a better quality of equipment is furnished than [illegible] on cars selling under $2500. The lamps are the same as are used on one of the highest priced American cars. The upholstering is carefully selected. The paint is of highest quality. All the details that contribute to convenience, long, inexpensive service are there. We have a perfected system of carburetion by which greater mileage is secured, [illegible] greater flexibility and greater [illegible] of operation.

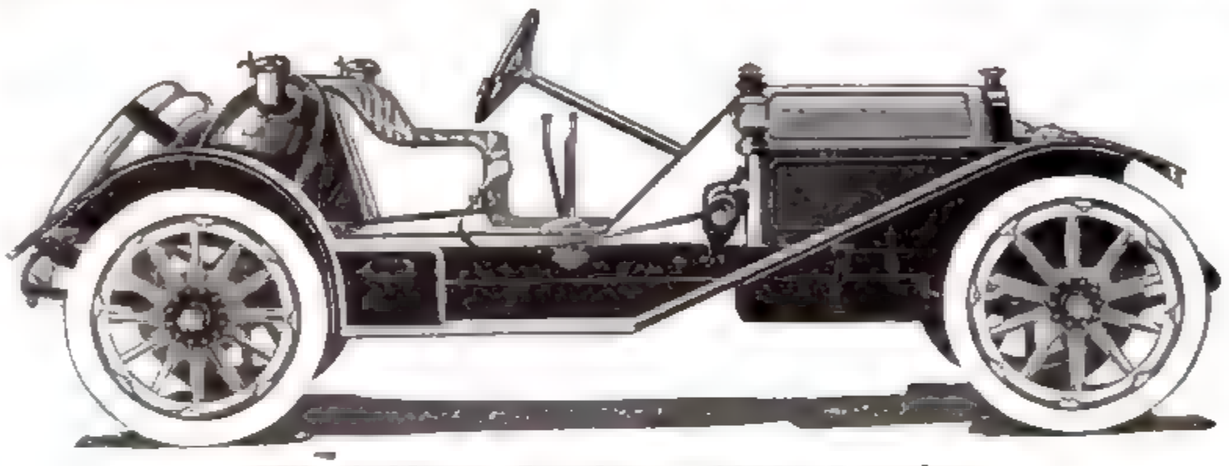
Comfort is added to which we were [illegible]. The 1911 HUDSON "33" is well known as a light, easy riding car. It does not jerk. There is no vibration. In the new model these qualities have been increased. The springs are longer and more flexible; the seats are wider, the backs higher and the cushions are softer. These things cost more than most makers of cars selling under $2500 are willing to give.

See the New Model before it is Sold

At no time from March to July, were HUDSON dealers able to meet the demand. A majority could not even keep their demonstrators, for buyers insisted upon having the "33" whether or no.

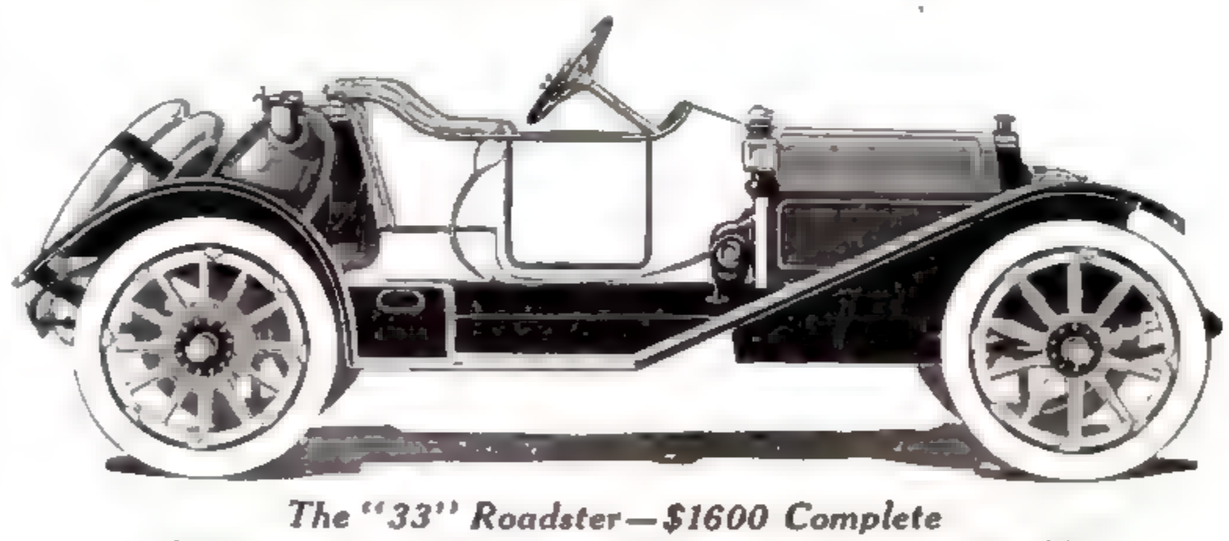
The close of the production season of the 1911 model left us with 2,000 unfilled orders. Not being able to furnish the 1911 model, dealers have accepted a revision of many of those orders to cover 1912 cars. Delivery in limited numbers is being made now. If you are fortunate and get one of these new models you can use it all summer, fall, and winter and have a car next year that still is as up-to-date as any. The demand remains unabated. There has been no let up. The HUDSON "33" is wanted by more than we can supply. Therefore you should go to your dealer's at once and see this new model of *"the one advanced car of the past three years."*

If that is not convenient, write for details.



Mile-A-Minute Roadster—$1600 Complete

Faster than its name implies. Completely equipped with Bosch magneto, storm apron, Demountable Rims, extra rim and tire irons, luggage carrier, lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank, etc. Tank capacity 30 gallons gasoline, 10 gallons oil. So balanced that it will hold road at maximum speed better than most cars. Fenders, running boards, etc., easily removable. Will make satisfactory showing in any amateur speed or hill climbing contest.

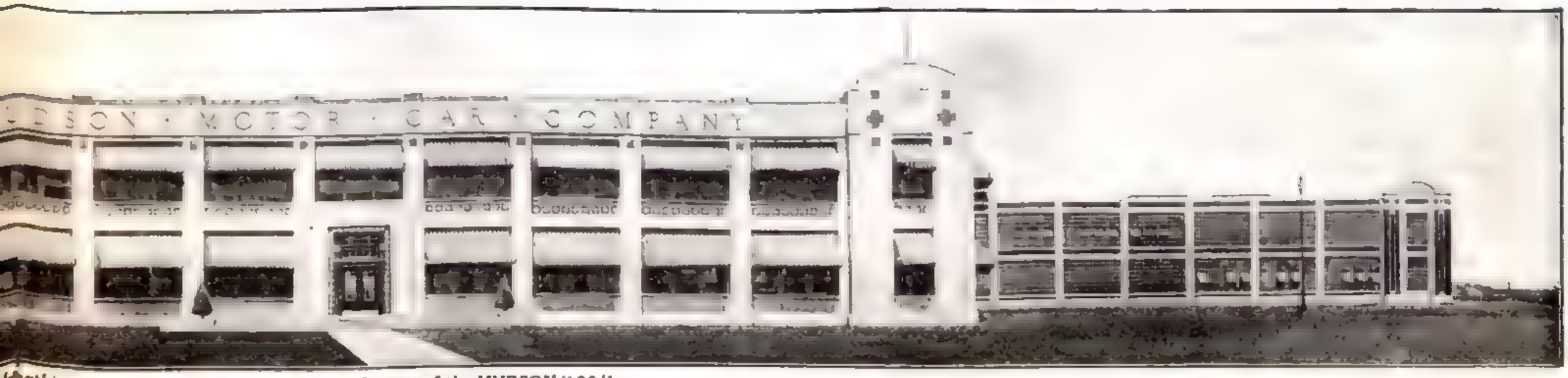


The "33" Roadster—$1600 Complete

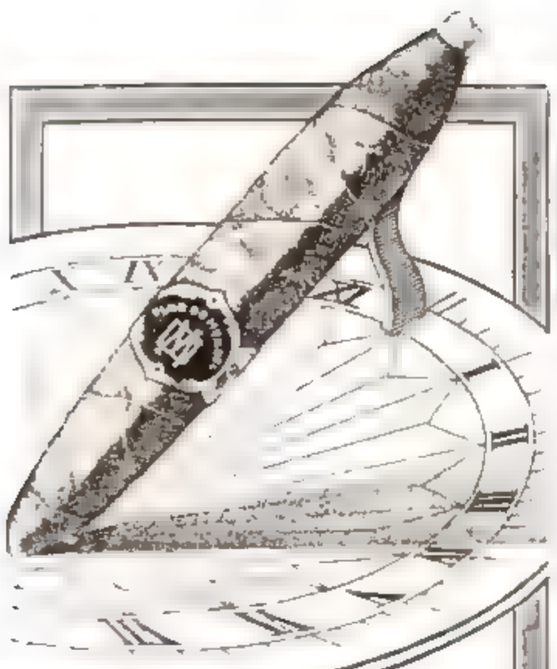
Same chassis as used for the Mile-A-Minute Roadster. Contrary to most automobiles of this type, this is a comfortable car. The weight is so distributed that rough roads can be traveled with safety at a good speed and without discomfort to the passenger. Inside control. Equipped with genuine mohair top, glass windshield, Bosch magneto and storage battery, 34 x 4 inch tires on Demountable Rims with extra rim and tire irons, luggage carrier. Thirty gallon gasoline and 10 gallon oil tank capacity. Same lamps and other equipment as on larger cars.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO.

7022 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.



...gth), was erected especially for the manufacture of the HUDSON "33"



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Municipal Bonds That are Not Municipal Bonds

By ROGER W. BABSON

MY ARTICLE a few weeks ago closed with the story of a certain city which defaulted on its straight municipal bonds; and, to avoid having readers write me that such events are impossible, I will begin this article by giving two other illustrations. Let me tell a story concerning the first:

I well remember sitting at dinner in a hotel in Brunswick, Maine, one day when the morning papers came in from Boston, and finding on the first page of the Herald an account of the breaking of a great dam, which, at the time it was constructed, was, I believe, the largest in the world. This dam was erected by a city at an expense of about one million dollars, damming the river which runs through the city for the purpose of generating electric light and power and for supplying the city with water. It was a great municipal improvement and the city was well justified in issuing bonds in payment therefor.

As I read this newspaper account and looked at the illustrations, down there in that small Maine town, I little thought that within a short time these bonds would be defaulted and that I should be sent there to represent the bondholders. Nevertheless, such was the case; and I well remember my experiences there. There was no attempt on the part of the city officials to dispute the legality of the issue. There were no indications of graft, nor were any real reasons given for the non-payment of the interest. Moreover, the city was not dependent on any one industry. Nevertheless, this city flatly defaulted the interest on its bonds and pretended to refuse considering even the payment of the principal. In short, its officials did not attempt to make any excuse, but simply said: "What are you going to do about it?"

After considerable coaxing, I finally, on my last day, ventured the assertion that there was one thing the bondholders could do as a last resort—namely, "to come down here and foreclose on the houses and stores, selling the same at auction, and so obtain the necessary money for the payment of these bonds—principal and interest." The reply to this, however, was very brief and to the point. Said they: "Let them come if they will—but if they do we will shoot every blasted one of them; in fact, the best thing you can do, Babson, is to get out of town yourself—and the sooner the better!" It is needless to say that I did not take the next train, as this was not the sentiment of the best element of the community; in fact, the leading bankers of the town did everything possible to aid me in arranging a fair and just settlement. This "What-are-you-going-to-do-about-it?" spirit did, however, represent the position of the average citizen.

The Bondholders' Compromise

Though there is no doubt the bondholders could have carried out my threat, yet they would have needed to call out the United States Army to do it, and considerable blood would have been shed before the bondholders received their money. The dam had broken; the city's supply of water and light had been temporarily cut off; there was no money in the treasury to pay the interest on these bonds; taxes were already fairly high, and the citizens simply lay down and insisted that the bondholders must meet them halfway and share with them the loss—although, as above stated, there was no legal, moral or business reason why the bondholders should compromise in any way. As to the final settlement, an adjustment of this debt on the basis of new bonds bearing three per cent for five years, four per cent for the next ten years and five per cent for the final fifteen years was reached between the city and the bondholders' committee. All these bonds have been refunded and interest is being regularly paid.

Bonds issued in anticipation of special assessments, levied to provide for improvements upon adjoining lands, are known as special assessment bonds. Certain of the paving and sewer bonds issued by many western cities, towns and counties may be classed under this head. Legal decisions have been somewhat at variance as to whether such bonds are binding upon the whole city or county, in addition to the portion specially benefited; but it is now generally conceded that they are not. In an Ohio case the Supreme Court held that when between the county and benefited district and the bondholder the whole county is liable. This decision was in substance paralleled in one case wherein the Supreme Court affirmed that, inasmuch as the special assessments upon the property directly held had proved insufficient to meet principal and interest on the bonds, the holder was entitled, in case of the city's default, to a writ of mandamus compelling the levy of necessary taxes on the entire city property.

Issues of Doubtful Legality

Still again, in another case, in 1884, the Federal Court held that certain gravel-road bonds, though payable primarily from the assessments of the adjoining lands on each side, were nevertheless obligations of the whole county as well and should be considered as such in reckoning its indebtedness in reference to the two-per-cent borrowing limit imposed by the state constitution. Three years later, however, the Supreme Court of the same state, perhaps influenced by the narrow debt restriction just cited, gave an opposite opinion upon gravel-road bonds. Ignoring the earlier ruling, this court held that the funds raised by special assessments on the adjacent lands were, by the statute, for the express purpose of meeting principal and interest on the bonds and for this alone—though no other provision had been made for their payment; that the evident purpose of the legislature was to place the burden of the entire cost of the improvements upon the owners of the contiguous lands, to which the bondholders' claim thus became limited. This view, while correct so far as it goes, takes no cognizance of the fact that the enabling act authorizes the issue of "bonds of the county," which, being empowered to collect the assessments for their payment, may perhaps be construed to loan its credit as well.

A Wisconsin city once issued special assessment paving bonds, which, added to its regular indebtedness, exceeded the five-per-cent constitutional limitation. The real status of the bonds thus became problematical; for, upon the theory that they were a direct liability of the city, all those issued in excess of the restriction would be illegal, though otherwise they must be looked upon as special assessment bonds pure and simple, without redress from the city and binding only upon the particular property benefited, in case of default. In spite of this case, it is still held by many able lawyers that, where there is nothing to the contrary expressed either in the act or the bond itself, the security may be considered a general municipal liability, though primarily collectable by the county or city from special assessments. I do not agree with these "able lawyers," however, but rather believe that the holders of special assessment bonds must look wholly to the adjoining property for principal and interest, and cannot hold the entire municipality liable.

At any rate, until the final settlement of this question a difference in market price at which this class of security rules, as compared with the regular issues of the same city, will continue to exist. Thus we see Tacoma, Washington, floating its four-and-a-half-per-cent bonds at a premium when issued for strictly municipal purposes, though its late sale of seven-per-cent special assessment bonds brought the city barely any premium; and Seattle easily floated a four-and-a-half-per-cent bond for regular municipal purposes at a time when its seven-per-cent special assessment road bonds were seeking a market at par. The ease with which money can be borrowed by means of this "contingent liability" has led some young cities, ambitious of growth,

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"IT is sure to make a hit.

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"Everybody likes

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

"The best of everything is in it. The tomatoes come right off the farm—sound red-ripe juicy specimens. I saw them myself. And the Campbell kitchens are as neat as wax. I went all through the factory.

"Think of the trouble and fuss you save by having this favorite soup all ready to serve in a minute, any time, no matter how many guests appear.

"You have enough to do anyway—goodness knows!

"Just try this once; and see how good it is. I know you'll never make tomato soup again!"

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus — Julienne
Beef — Mock Turtle
Bouillon — Mulligatawny
Celery — Mutton Broth
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Consommé — Tomato Okra

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

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"Though gone is my candy
And lost is my pet
That can is so handy
I'm not forlorn yet."

to pave their streets out into the adjoining fields. It thus becomes doubly important for the holder of special assessment bonds to know whether his claim is limited merely to the property abutting or is binding upon the whole city.

I was sent about six years ago to a Western city by bondholders who had bought special assessment bonds—or improvement bonds, as they are sometimes called—issued by said city; in fact, the holders whom I represented did not know that the bonds were not a regular obligation of the whole city, the bond salesman having done a distinct wrong by not so telling them. The city is a wide-awake, growing city, and its regular bonds should be absolutely safe. To begin with, I had hard work to find the streets called for on my bonds—improvement bonds generally state on the face of the bonds to what streets they refer; but, after finding these streets, the next feat was to find the adjoining land given as security! In short, I found an outlying section of the city, laid out with wide streets, paved and finished as are those in the very busiest sections of our largest cities. Of course the city officials were probably honest in their belief that these improvements were needed and that the city was shortly to double or quadruple in population. If so they must have been either tremendously conceited over the prospects of their city or else crazy.

When I visited the city, some years after the bonds were issued and these improvements had been made, the grass was growing between the pavement blocks and the birds were building nests on the signboards and lampposts. As to the property improved, it might have been of value for a cranberry bog, but it certainly was not worth the cost of the improvements. As a result, I think these bondholders settled for about sixty cents on the dollar, after giving up some years of interest. Straight municipal bonds of established cities of over forty-five thousand population should be absolutely good; in fact, I know of nothing better, but give me an underlying railroad or public utility bond every time in preference to special assessment bonds or second-grade municipals.

Special Assessment Bonds

Even our largest cities resort to these special assessment bonds. In Chicago, for instance, when a street is improved, the cost of improvement is often met by an issue of special assessment bonds, the interest and principal of which are supposed to be paid by the owners of property abutting on the street which is being improved. These assessments rank after the assessments for general taxes, which are used for the payment of the principal and interest of the regular Chicago bonds. In other words, a special assessment bond comes between a straight municipal bond and an ordinary mortgage, which, of course, is subject to all taxes and assessments.

Special assessment bonds usually recite on the face that they are issued for improvements on a given portion of a given street, and that they are payable out of taxes levied upon that particular property. In Illinois these bonds run for five years, drawing interest—the interest and one-fifth of the principal being payable each year. Though Benjamin Franklin showed his good judgment in omitting to include municipal bonds with "death and taxes," yet in reality there is very little uncertainty about straight municipal bonds, most of the trouble coming from these special assessment or improvement bonds. In addition to the legal difficulties and the fact that the land frequently does not equal the amount of the bonds, there are other reasons why these bonds are often unattractive. For instance, when a street is improved in Chicago a contract is made with some contracting company; and sometimes, before the work is completed over the entire district the first installment of the assessment falls due.

In such cases the taxpayer whose land has not been improved says to the treasurer of the city of Chicago: "You have not improved my street and I do not propose to pay my tax until the work is fully completed." Moreover, such cases are in addition to the instances where improvements have been made in outlying districts for work that was never needed, when the taxpayer goes to court and fights the bondholders. If the bonds have been legally issued, and if the bondholders have the courage to fight the case, they may win, although in some cases it costs more than the bonds are worth. There are, however, many instances where the actual value of the property is not worth the improvement; and I know of many cases where streets have been paved and sewers installed throughout prairie districts, where the value of the lots actually did not equal the assessment; so that if the bondholders took the lots they would still lose money.

Therefore, when purchasing municipal bonds one should know whether they are "straight municipal bonds" or "special assessment bonds"; and, if the latter, they should be most carefully studied. If they are special assessment bonds, issued by the city in which the reader lives, and if he can drive through the streets and see for himself that the property well deserves the improvement, and is worth very much more than the cost of said improvements, he is justified in buying these special assessment bonds provided the legality has been approved by leading attorneys. If, however, an investor is unable to see the property I strongly advise against the purchase of such bonds.

A Good Rule for Investors

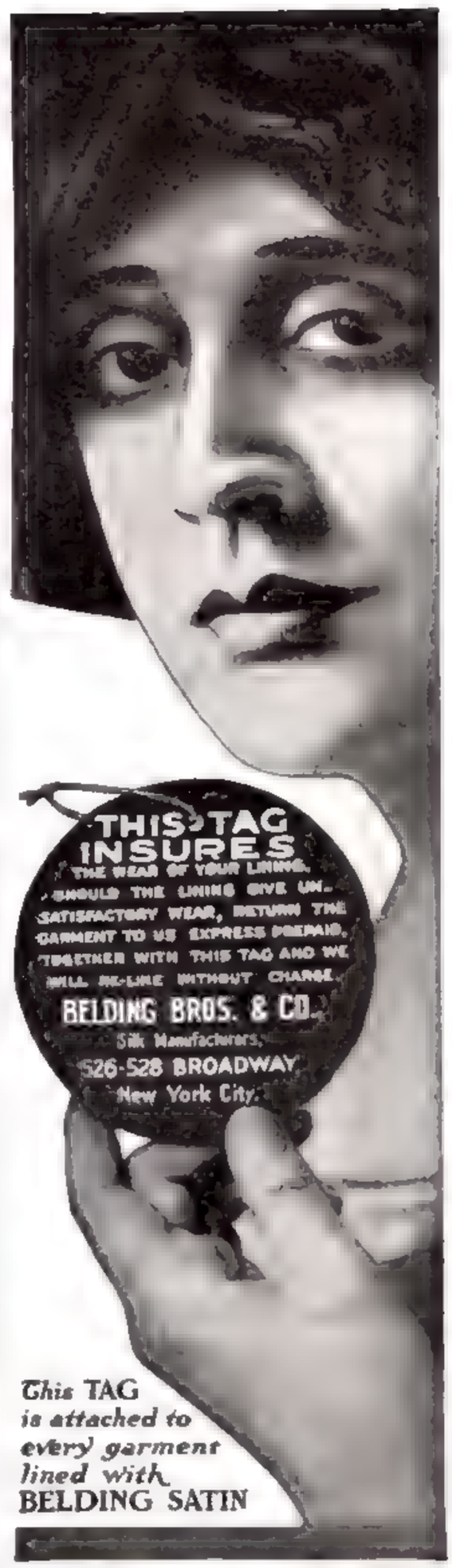
The number and variety of factors which determine the value of municipal bonds make this, perhaps, the most difficult class of securities for the investor to appraise. In the case of corporation bonds he can turn to the reports of the issuing company and study the earnings and the surplus over interest charges. A comparison of one company with others in the same field enables one to form a judgment as to the worth of its bonds. It is, however, much harder to determine the standing of a "municipal." Of two cities of equal population and net debt, one may have a much better credit rating than the other; but, even when he knows that the credit of a municipality is good, the investor cannot take it for granted that all its bonds are good investments. Each issue should be analyzed by itself to determine that it is legal.

A short rule which I give my friends for selecting an issue is as follows: Endeavor to select such municipals as are legal for the savings banks of the state of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, or some other conservative state. Though the laws of Massachusetts are very satisfactory, yet the laws regulating the investments of New York savings banks are most often given as a guide. Such laws provide that banks can buy only the bonds of a city having at least forty-five thousand population and which has been incorporated at least twenty-five years. Moreover, the city must be located in a state admitted into the Union before 1896. The total debt of the municipality must not be more than seven per cent of the entire valuation of the taxable property and the city must not have been in default on principal or interest since 1861.

The Safest Municipals

I have before me a list of all the cities of the country which this includes and the following are a few of the more prominent. Of course the first city of importance is New York, though it is interesting to note that Massachusetts savings banks are not allowed to invest in New York city bonds. Other cities in the state of New York are as follows: Buffalo, Troy, Syracuse, Albany, Binghamton, Elmira and Jamestown. Cities outside of the state of New York whose bonds are held in numbers are: Portland, Maine; Boston, Cambridge, Lowell, Worcester and Springfield in Massachusetts; Providence, Rhode Island; Bridgeport, Hartford and New Haven in Connecticut; Newark, New Jersey; Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Allegheny, Harrisburg, Reading and Scranton in Pennsylvania; Baltimore, Cincinnati, Dayton, Louisville, Indianapolis, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Des Moines, Omaha, San Francisco, Los Angeles, St. Louis and Kansas City.

Therefore it will be well for the small investor who desires to buy municipal bonds—and I frankly say there is nothing more secure for the small investor to purchase—to confine his purchase to such "straight" bonds as a reputable bondhouse will state are legal investments for the savings banks of Massachusetts, Connecticut or New York—and then divide his money among many different issues, purchasing only one or two bonds of each.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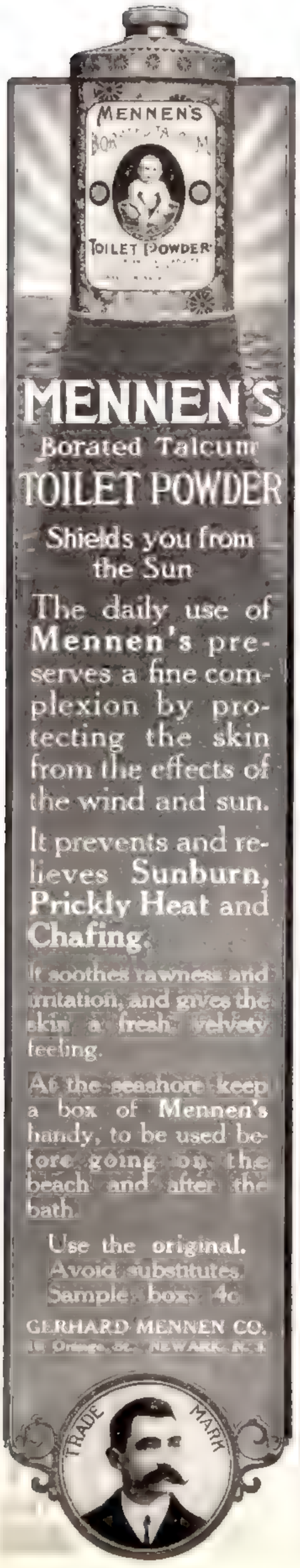
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The Senator's Secretary

REVERTING pleasantly to the entire bogusness of the Congressional Record as a portrayer of what actually happens and is said in the House of Representatives and the Senate, let us examine that mendacious journal's account of the proceedings of June eighth last in the House.

On that day the House met at noon, the Record states, and the chaplain prayed for fifty seconds. Thereupon Mr. J. Kuhio Kalanianaole, a delegate from Hawaii, blew gracefully in, as befits his *nom de politics*, "Prince Cupid," and was sworn in, this being the first time the prince had honored the House with his presence this season. Immediately following this interesting ceremony, Mr. Underwood moved that the House resolve itself into the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union for the further consideration of the bill—House resolution 11,019—to reduce duties on wool and manufactures of wool. The motion was agreed to. The House resolved itself into said committee. Chairman Anderson took the seat then vacated by Speaker Clark and Mr. Underwood, who had remained on his feet, said: "Mr. Chairman, I yield one minute to the gentleman from Maryland, Mr. Lewis."

Mr. Lewis arose, spoke a minute and sat down. Next day there appeared in the Congressional Record, as the faithful report of that speech, which those who do not see the Record will imagine was delivered in one minute by the rapid Mr. Lewis, nineteen pages of large and small type, divided into nine pages of large type, or speech, and ten pages of small type, or appendices, the whole comprising about fifty thousand words—and all apparently spoken by Mr. Lewis, of Maryland, in one minute. Of course, however expeditious as a talker Mr. Lewis, of Maryland, may be, he couldn't talk fifty thousand words in one minute, and he didn't try to. He used up his minute by apologizing for what he was about to do—namely, load down nineteen pages of the Congressional Record with his ideas as to why it would be only fair and just for the Government to buy out the express companies and establish a parcels-post. He didn't think it would be right for the Government to take any steps along the lines of a parcels-post without buying out the express companies; and he used his minute in saying so, to the extent of his fifty thousand words.

He got "leave to print," explaining that this was necessary for initiatory discussion of his proposition, so the committee and the country might be informed, preparatory to the consideration of his bill providing for the purchase of the express companies. Inasmuch as the franking privilege is still retained and all matter published in the Congressional Record can be franked, it is quite likely that this one-minute production of the member from Maryland will be circulated sufficiently for the purposes of the initiatory consideration desired.

Will the Public Bite?

Meantime the plan is discussed to reduce the price of this sterling journal to one dollar a year so all may learn what does not happen and what is not said in the halls of Congress. At present the Record costs four dollars and a half a year, which is too much. Not many subscribe. There is no doubt in the minds of the proponents of this proposition that the country will grab eagerly at the Record at one dollar a year. Still, it may be that the country will be well enough informed as to the genuineness of the contents of the Record not to bite, even at that extremely low price.

Oddly enough, there has been a disposition on the part of some members—Victor Murdock and Jim Mann, for example—to make the Record a real record—not a revision of what happens in the House. Several things have brought this about. A lot of new members, anxious to get something back home to show how hefty they are in debate and how learned on such abstruse propositions as the tariff, state rights, the initiative, and what-not, have rather pressed the limit of the leave-to-print privilege and the further and more important privilege of revision. A budding statesman, who quoted some Scripture in a speech or stuck the Scripture in when he was revising—nobody knows which he did for nobody listened to his speech—put after his Scriptural quotation, "Loud and continued applause," in order, no doubt, to prove to his constituents his familiarity with the Bible and the further and most gratifying fact that the House knows a good thing when the House hears it. Another new member, revising his speech, put in "Applause," "Loud applause," "Applause and laughter" about fifty times; and at the end wound up with: "Loud and tumultuous applause; cheers and handshaking!" He spoke to not more than ten persons that day, and not one of them made a peep or grabbed him by the hand, either during or after his effort.

It isn't so long ago that a member from the West called one of the official reporters aside and said: "Say, I've been here almost a year and I'm pretty fairly regular in attending the sessions of the House; but day after day I see stuff in the Record that I never heard on the floor and that I know was never spoken on the floor. Now my people back home are getting kind of nervous about me not making a speech. How do these fellows do it?"

The official reporter, being a kindly soul, told the man from the West of the leave-to-print deception and explained how it was done. "All you have to do," he said, "is to get the chair to recognize you for a minute, or the member in control of the time on any debate to yield to you, talk a minute and ask for permission to extend your remarks. Then go to it; supply the clerk in charge of the Record with a ton of manuscript and it will all come out in the Record, and you can frank it back home and show the folks what a chap you are."

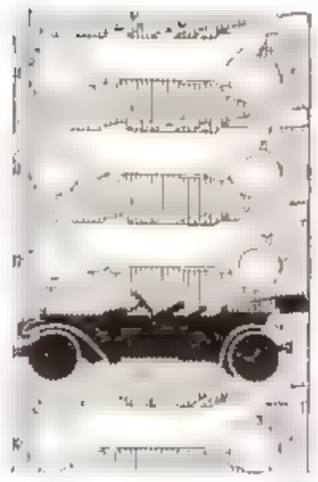
Inky Cheers for Inky Speeches

The man from the West was delighted. He completed the preliminaries and prepared his speech, which was about seventy-five thousand words long and touched on every topic, from protection to paternalism, from railroads to the proper cultivation of fustic wood. Also, he sprinkled it liberally with "Applause" and "Laughter"; and then, thinking there could not be too much of a good thing, he fixed up several colloquies with friends in the House, which made it appear that these members had interrupted him and that in the colloquies that ensued when he was making his speech he had neatly turned the tables on these interrupters—made them look like chunks of cheese so far as apt repartee and quickness of the vocal trigger went. It was a fine piece of work, and the man from the West franked out a lot of the speeches to his district and received much admiring comment from the friendly press. Then some wicked correspondents found out what he had done, sent back stories about it—and the man from the West didn't get back. He overplayed his hand.

The present session of Congress has been more prolific of this sort of fraud than any of recent years. Generally, in the session that concludes just before a national campaign, the boys on both sides get extensive leave to print for all sorts of junk that is to be used later for campaign arguments—and franked out, of course. This saves postage for national and state committees and is an old swindle, resorted to by both Democrats and Republicans. This year there are a great number of new statesmen, all desirous of shining at home as orators, students of large problems and active participators in the work of the Senate and House. The way they have grabbed at the extension of remarks and the revision privileges has been the wonder of all old-timers. Not only have they stuck into the Record miles and miles of speeches that never were delivered anywhere but they have made it appear by the interjected "applauses" and "laughters," and all that, that the House—especially the House members have done this—was a cheering, frenzied mob of admirers while they were delivering their respective philippics against whatever they were philippicking against at the moment.

Some day, no doubt, they will stop this petty swindle, this falsifying of the Record; but they never will stop declaiming against the press—never, so long as they have breath left in their bodies. The press, you know—whether daily, weekly, monthly or what-not—is a vast engine of misinformation that deliberately colors what is written—especially anything reflecting on these pure and noble patriots. The press prints so much that is untrue, that never

One car in five



ONE car in five goes out of commission every year. Why?

More cars have been spoiled by improper lubrication than by any other one cause.

Properly lubricated, many of these cars would be giving satisfactory service to-day.

If you expect the car you use this season to give proper service next season, you can't afford to neglect lubrication.

Our experience in the manufacture of oils for many specific purposes has enabled us to produce in Polarine a lubricant of the highest efficiency for gas engines.

Polarine is the result of extended processes of refining, pressing and filtering.

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Before the final product leaves the plant it must test up to the most rigid standards ever set for a gas engine lubricant.

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Polarine retains proper "body" at high temperatures.

It flows freely at zero.

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Polarine Oil (in gallon and half gallon sealed cans, in barrels and half barrels), *Polarine Transmission Lubricants, Polarine Cup Grease and Polarine Fibre Grease.*

These lubricants cover the needs of every part of the car.

Send to our nearest agency for "Polarine Pointers" which includes hints on the care of motor cars.

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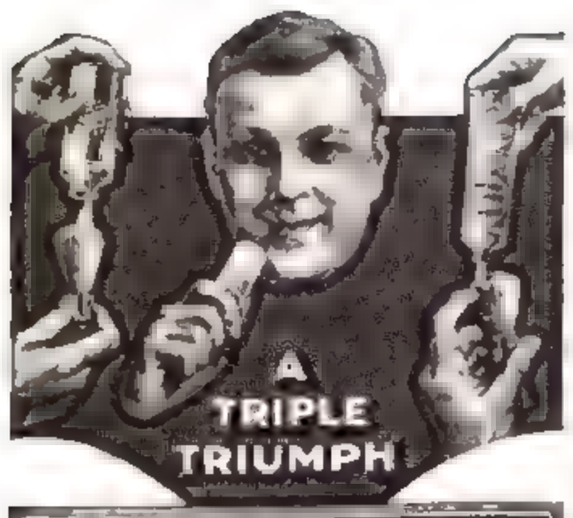

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happened, they say! A fine collection of critics of any publication are these revisers and leave-to-printers who every day print in the Record more stuff that isn't a record and is a falsification than even the wildest and most unreliable publication would or could crowd into an issue!

Meantime, speaking about subterfuge and the like, that little episode of the raised voucher for the portrait of Secretary Day, of the State Department, has had the State Department standing on its head for quite a time. So far as subterfuge is concerned the State Department is a coarse worker along those lines. When the artist originally made his plea that he got only about eight hundred dollars for his portrait of Mr. Day and signed a voucher calling for some twenty-four hundred dollars, the committee investigating the State Department asked what became of the other money. Naturally a committee would ask that question. However, it did not appeal to the intellectual heavyweights of the State Department that the question should or would be asked these gentlemen, who usually style themselves "clarks in the Foreign Office," laboring under the impression that the State Department is some sort of holy of holies whose operations must be cloaked in secrecy and whose motives must never be questioned. They are diplomatists over there, you know, and mysterious and secretive as the dickens in carrying out their delicate adjustments of our relations with the rest of the world. Also, they are very important.

Official Ingenuousness

Thus, when a committee of curious Representatives inquired what became of the rest of the money, instead of saying promptly that they used the rest of it for some legitimate but necessarily confidential purpose, they began quibbling and obfuscating and running around in circles and mystifying—and making the thing worse every time they made a lap around it. Presently the thing got too strong and then they came marching to the front with the missing voucher that had been mislaid for five years. Oddly—almost supernaturally, it seems—the voucher that had been missing for five years had been found on the floor, near the desk of a clerk. Queer circumstance, wasn't it? But here was the voucher. A negro messenger picked it up on the floor, where, no doubt, it had lain for five years—though the floor is swept every day—and handed it to the clerk, who gave it to the chief clerk, who gave it to the Secretary, who explained it to the committee—and there you are. Now isn't that a kindergarten proceeding for this crafty and powerful and diplomatic State Department of ours? It wouldn't fool a three-year-old child! If they had told the truth about the affair in the first place there would have been no fuss and little comment.

The Mexican war maneuvers—or the Texas war maneuvers—furnish another case of bad judgment. Instead of coming out frankly and saying the soldiers were sent to the border because of the threatening aspects of the revolution in Mexico, the imminence of danger to the many Americans living in Mexico and for the protection of American property, they tried to cover up the movement of troops with a fairy story about a big war game down there in hot weather. It was a stupid attempt. The people would not stand for it. So presently they had to come out and tell the truth, which they would much better have told in the first instance.

As this is written, it is the idea of the Senate that there will be about thirty or forty days of reciprocity talk. Then it is thought the game can be so arranged that the reciprocity measure will pass without amendment. Meantime the House will pass the wool reductions and send the bill to the Senate, where the Finance Committee will mull it over for a time and either report it out or be compelled to. The Democrats are solidly for the wool reductions. They hope to get five or six Insurgents to vote with them, which is all they need, and thus put the question squarely up to President Taft, giving him the privilege of signing a big tariff cut, when most of the Republican states that will send delegates to renominate him next June are standpat states—or to veto it and revoke his statement at Winona, Minnesota, that "the wool schedule is indefensible." Either way, they are preparing to make it interesting for Mr. Taft.

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Paper From By-Products

By RENÉ BACHE

THE problem of turning crop-wastes into money by utilizing them as materials for papermaking has engaged for some time past the attention of the experts of the Department of Agriculture. As a result, certain definite and interesting facts have been ascertained.

Experiments have shown that cornstalks will yield twelve to eighteen per cent of long fiber, which, on account of its strength and good felting quality, is suitable for book, writing and other papers of the better class. In addition, from the same stalks, moisture-free, can be obtained from fifteen to thirty per cent of pith pulp, suitable for pie-plates, fiber boxes, grease-proof wrappers and possibly bottles.

Very important is the fact that the food substances contained in the stalks may be extracted by shredding the stalks and boiling them in a steam digester, preliminary to converting the residue into paper. A ton of cornstalks will yield from two hundred to three hundred pounds of soluble solids, representing the bulk of their nutritive elements. Such an extract, of molasseslike consistency, is now being fed to animals experimentally.

Cornstalk Extract

The new Year Book of the Department of Agriculture—from advance proofs of which these data are obtained—states that cornstalks represent our greatest unused crop by-product. Over one hundred million acres are devoted annually to maize in the United States. Taking one ton as the yield of stalks to the acre, there are produced at least one hundred million tons of stalks each year, not more than one-third of which is put to paying uses. A great addition to farm wealth would result if this enormous supply of raw material could be made into paper and pulp products.

If cornstalk extract proves available as food for farm animals, when mixed with roughage, an important step in conservation will have been taken, inasmuch as the removal of the raw material from the farm need not then involve a serious subtraction from the resources of the soil. Indeed, as broom-corn and sorghum stalks and rice straw yield a similar extract, the possibility of reclaiming the food elements is likely to have an important bearing upon the question whether or not the wastes of crop plants can be profitably utilized for papermaking.

On the whole, broom-corn seems to promise even better as a paper material than maize. Its stalks contain a higher percentage of long fiber than do cornstalks—forty-two per cent being obtained in actual trial—and the proportion of pith in the pulp is so low that it could be made directly into a fair quality of white paper; in fact, it is declared that this material is suitable for immediate use in papermaking. A combination of the crude pulp with poplar woodpulp, half and half, produced what was pronounced by practical paper men to be a merchantable quality of book paper.

The harvesting of the stalks for pulp does not interfere at all with the harvesting of the brush for brooms. Apparently the only serious disadvantage of broom-corn for papermaking is that the production of raw material is somewhat limited, only about a hundred and eighty thousand acres being devoted to this crop. Many states grow small quantities of broom-corn, but Illinois, Kansas, Oklahoma and Missouri produce two-thirds of the total crop. The yield of stalks to the acre is approximately three tons, so that the quantity produced would be over five hundred thousand tons.

Rice straw is regarded by the Government experts as one of the most promising crop materials for papermaking. In China it has been employed for such purposes for many years. Excellent qualities of book and writing papers are obtained from it. Though it does not give as high a yield of fiber as broom-corn, it is grown within restricted areas, so that a pulp or paper mill located in any good rice-producing section could obtain its supplies from near at hand. At the present time, in Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas and South Carolina—the four great rice-growing states—there are only four paper mills.

About seven hundred and twenty thousand acres of rice are harvested in the United States annually. Growers state that the yield of straw is more than two tons an acre, so that the total output must be at least about fifteen hundred thousand tons. Mostly it is a waste product, though a small part is fed to stock. If the price of wood continues to advance, rice straw—say the Government experts—should be one of the first crop materials put to use for papermaking. Its fibers, though comparatively short, are strong and "felt" well.

Yet another possible material is cotton-hull fiber—that is, the lint which remains adhering to the hulls after the fiber has been removed by the gins. It is not strong enough to be suitable for papermaking in a pure state, but, cooked in the same digester with cornstalks, broom-corn or rice straw, it lends softness to the paper. One of its disadvantages is that it is expensive; but, when treated by special processes, it may prove suitable for the particular grades of paper which command high prices.

Tow From Flax

Cotton stalks were among the first crop-wastes tested. The quantity of them annually produced in the United States is estimated at ten million tons—notwithstanding the fact that the yield to the acre does not exceed one thousand pounds. Inasmuch as the percentage of fiber—which is short and inferior in strength—is lower than that of maize, five acres of stalks would be required to make a single ton of pulp. Difficulties are also encountered in connection with bleaching; so that, on the whole, this material does not seem to be very promising.

Flax, in the United States, is grown almost exclusively for seed, the annual output of which amounts to more than twenty-five million bushels. The number of acres harvested is about twenty-five hundred thousand; and, on an average, each acre produces twenty-two hundred and fifty pounds of straw. Thus the total production of straw is three million tons yearly, of which enormous quantity not more than one-tenth is turned to any useful account.

Flax straw is regarded by the Government experts as one of the most promising materials for papermaking. As yet there is no mill in this country that uses it. Recently extensive experiments have been undertaken with a view to producing paper from this source suitable for cement bags—an extremely difficult requirement, inasmuch as paper for such purposes must have extraordinary strength. The results, as a whole, were encouraging. In these tests tow was used, however, and not the flax straw as it comes from the threshing machine. Three to four tons of straw are needed to make one ton of tow, which is worth twenty dollars at the mills.

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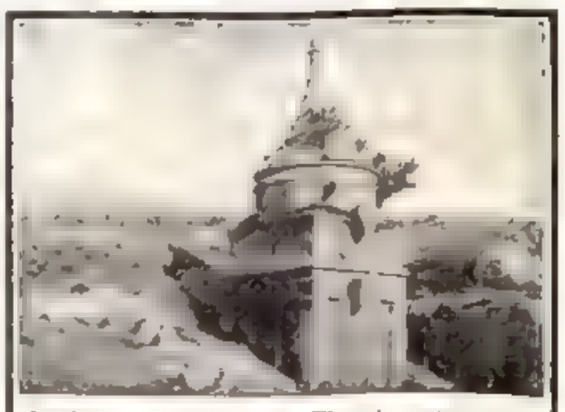

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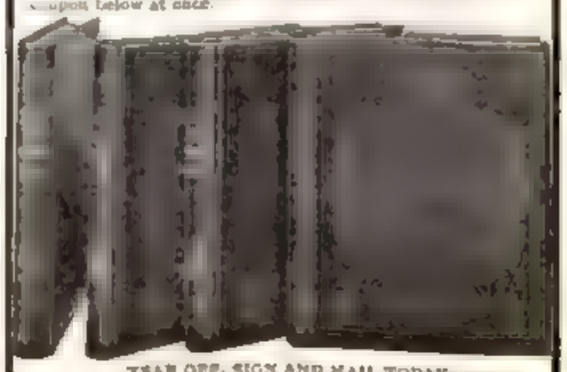

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THE BILLYAD

(Continued from Page 8)

Yet, forth with thrilling urgency
Taftonis sent his call—
But never from Insurgency
One helpful word did fall;
In fact, his Reciprocity
Was greeted with ferocity.
A thumb upon each Grecian nose,
stood the Progressives all
As sharply spake those sassy elves:
"We'll fix the Tariff rates ourselves—
O Bill, remove your Campaign Ad
from off the lofty wall!"

THE ARMIES ADVANCE

Historians say, in a manner of spite,
That battles are always a nuisance to write;
That there's always such charging and booming and braying
You can't hear a word that the heroes are saying—
While the deeds of the warriors you scarcely can judge.
Because they're obscured by the smoke and the smudge.
But the Big Battle Scene
Here pops into my song;
So you'll guess what I mean—
If I get it all wrong.
Well, it can't be more punk than accounts that you read
Of Waterloo, Leyden or dank Runnymede.

The Candidates rose at the first flush of dawn.
They whetted their axes and tested their brawn.
Then Charles Evans Hughes, of the chin-hanging tassels,
Mounted his racehorse and summoned his vassals;
Strong men were they, swift smiters, quick scramblers—
All of them heroes and none of them gamblers;
And their blood-curdling cry
Split the roof of the sky:
"Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances;
He never plays cards, chews tobacco or dances.
His victory's sure—for he scorns to play chances!"

And out of the West, with a shout and a song,
Came the Wisconsin Bobbies abouncing along;
And in strident responses to Liberty's strain
The Rough Referendum Boys raised the refrain:
"Dumply William sat on a wall;
Dumply William had a great fall.
All the Trust's horses and all the Trust's men
Couldn't patch William together again!"

Then Woodrow of Jersey rode over the lot,
His hobby reined in to a dignified trot;
And firm at his back came his henchmen, advancing,
Snorting, cavorting, disporting and dancing—
Footballers, baseballers, snowballers, drummers,
Working girls, chorus girls, shopgirls and plumbers;
Grocers, geographers,
Students, stenographers;
In fact, that re-markably various throng
Which Woodrow's strange eloquence coaxes along—
As spellbound as Hamelin's infantile snipes
When Edith Wynne Matheson plays her pied pipes.

And out of Ohio, in harmony reared,
Judge Harmon's Harmonious Cohorts appeared,
All chortling this harmlessly Harmonized air:
"Harmon's the Leader to lead us—but where?
We ain't got no Issues to any extent;
But we think Mister Harmon's a very fine gent."

Now ho! for the battle! The skies open wide
And Jove of the Thunders looked down in his pride
As he cried with a will:
"Sick 'em, Bob! Sick 'em, Bill!
I don't care who beats if you only git in!
Let the battle begin! May the best feller win!"
(Which shows that the gods, though celestially blent,
Warm up pretty well to a sporting event.)

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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It is because there is always some ink in the feed tube that leads to the pen point, even when the pen is standing straight up. And because the air, which is always in a fountain pen barrel, expands from the heat of the body and pushes out through the feed tube, pushing the ink out with it and smearing it all over the end of the pen, under the cap.

The picture on the right shows the interior of a Parker Fountain Pen. It contains a curved feed tube, an air space, and ink, as you see.

The instant you set your Parker in your pocket the "Lucky Curve" sucks all the ink out of the feed tube, and drops it down into the ink reservoir, as you see. So, when the air gets hot, and expands, it pushes up through an empty tube, pushing out no ink.

What makes the "Lucky Curve" suck the ink? Capillary attraction—a force of Nature that makes a flower stem suck water; a lamp wick suck oil; a lump of sugar suck coffee. The end of the "Lucky Curve" touches the wall of the barrel. That touch is what creates the capillary attraction.

Unscrew any Parker Fountain Pen; fill the feed tube with ink; touch the "Lucky Curve" to the barrel wall, as in above picture; watch the ink scoot out, and thus prove to yourself that there is no ink in the Parker feed tube to leak out and smear your fingers.

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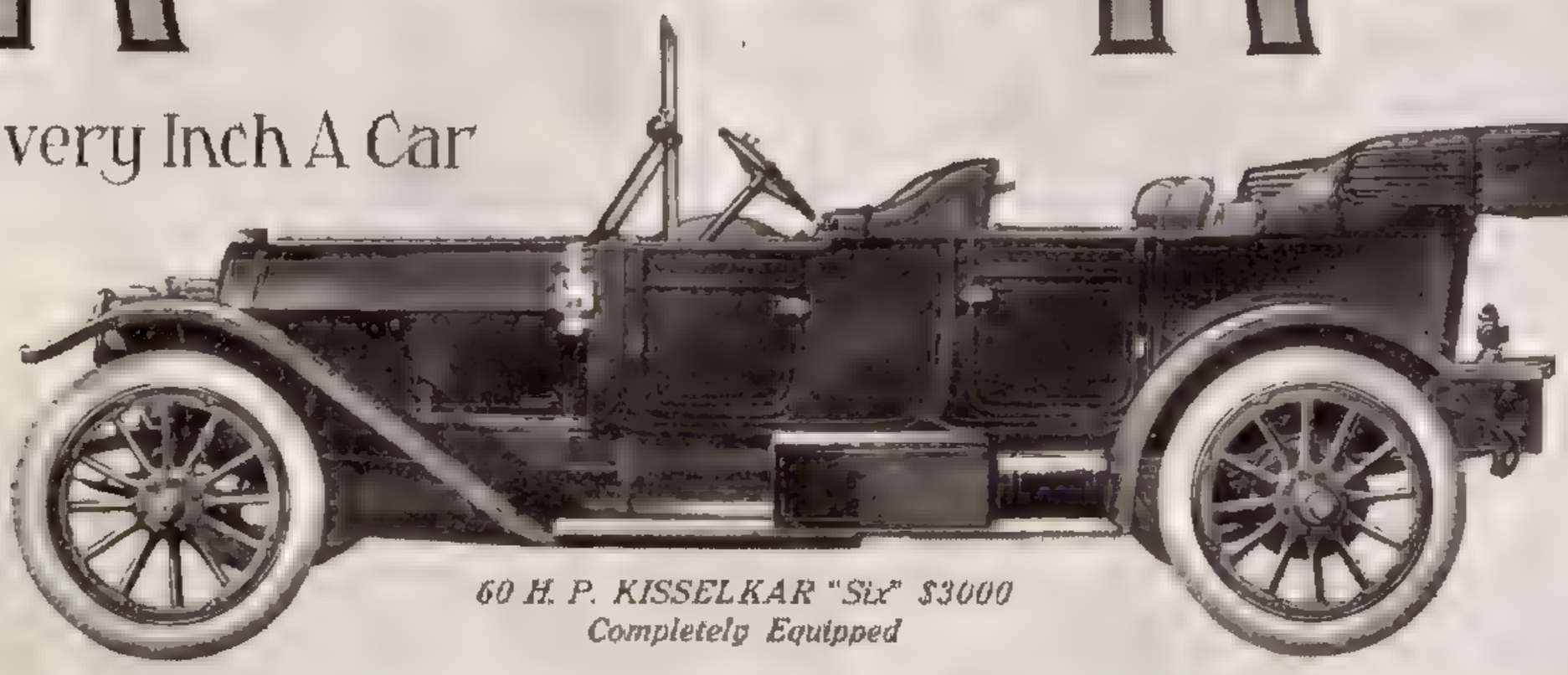

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You may have thought of paying three thousand dollars or more for a four cylinder car, but, why a "Four" when the higher powered, roomier, more aristocratic KisselKar "Six" sells for $3000, completely equipped? The superior comfort and general supremacy of a "Six" are undisputed The KisselKar "Six" is the conspicuous value of America. Built in seven passenger Touring, five passenger Semi-touring, and two passenger Semi-racer runabout bodies.

The four cylinder KisselKars—"Fifty" $2350, "Forty" $1850 and "Thirty" at $1500 possess, with the "Six," all the comfort, silence and refinements essential to a superior automobile, while the prepossessing appearance and distinction of these models are shared only by a few of the costlier cars. Extra liberal wheel base, extra big wheels and tires, and the special spring resiliency afford a buoyant riding quality so rare that it belongs to the KisselKar almost exclusively

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1912

THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE

Continued from Page 5

last of their little strength in housework. Here come young girls, without homes and unskilled, who must get some practice in housework. Here come deserted wives and unmarried mothers, willing to exchange their services for small wages for the sake of keeping their babies.

The women who come to employ them are of all sorts. There is the extravagant wife of a man who earns perhaps twenty-five dollars a week. She has no right to have a maid at all, but she wants to keep up appearances. She is probably living in a flat that is too large and expensive, and naturally she feels she cannot do her own work; so she takes some young girl who costs much more in energy than the weekly two dollars and a half she receives. There is the mother of a large family, not strong enough to do all her own work and too poor to pay an adequate wage; the poor creature, who wants all she can get for her money, offers, nevertheless, an alluring picture of her home, saying that the flat is small and the children little trouble, and that she does all the cooking herself. There is the cheap boarding-house keeper whose boarders pay her only six dollars a week; as she cannot have skilled labor she must engage a strong young girl to make beds, sweep and wash the dishes. There are the young married people who both work downtown to make ends meet, and yet have children at home to be cared for. Such a couple will almost invariably choose an old woman, feeling sure she will be responsible for the children and will not lock them in while she runs up to the park to meet a young man. The widow who must leave her children all day likewise searches for the faithful old woman.

In all such cases there must be much patience on both sides. If these servants were worth more they would be receiving more; they are not likely to be very competent. What the mistress cannot give in money she must give in tolerance. A young girl is most trying, because she is not only unskilled but also irresponsible and desirous of a gay time. Nowadays, with the growing number of trade and industrial schools, she is getting her training before she goes out to service. The old woman, the deserted wife and the unmarried mother are likely to put up rather patiently with the trials that come to them, for one has the irremediable handicap of old age and the others the handicap of a limited chance to work. The latter will endure almost anything to keep the children in a good home, and conversely it sometimes happens that a mistress becomes so attached to a baby that for its sake she will suffer much carelessness and stupidity on the part of the mother.

Typical Disputes

The problem of mistress and maid is always the problem of two. The average mistress has for her interpretation of the ideal servant one who combines the perfection of a machine with the faithfulness of a dog. The average servant expects her mistress to have the patience and sweetness of an angel and the munificence of a fairy godmother. Both suffer from the very heterogeneousness of housework, which consists of countless little details, many of them unrelated and of such variety that it requires a woman of real brains to succeed. The mistress is often exasperated because the maid does not do so well as she herself could. The maid does not always appreciate the energy involved in teaching her.

That there is plenty of human nature on both sides is shown by the conferences held in the legal aid bureaus. The maids go there with complaints that wages are owed them by mistresses who refuse to pay. The mistresses are of all sorts, from hard-bitten lodging-house keepers to ladies of distinct social standing. Sometimes the mistress refuses to attend the conference. She remarks pleasantly enough over the telephone that she has already said all there is to say and that for her the subject is closed. But if she can be induced to meet the maid in the presence of the officers of the bureau the matter can usually be adjusted. The reasons generally given for non-payment of the claim is that the maid has broken articles in excess of the wages due, or that she has left without notice. Very often injustice is worked in this manner. A six-dollar-a-week servant dusts carelessly and breaks a fifty-dollar vase. She has been given a responsibility out of all proportion to her worth, and it scarcely seems as if she should be expected to pay the full value of what she has destroyed. A quiet discussion will often result in a satisfactory settlement.

All sorts of accusations are made and many of them show how vague the oral contract has been. A maid has been taken to Florida, found incompetent and dismissed. She says it was agreed that her fare shou'd be paid to and from New York; her employer says that no such arrangement was made. A two-dollar-a-week young girl in a boarding house breaks an alarm clock and her mistress deducts the sum from her wages. It appears that the clock belonged to the star boarder, who slept with it wedged inside his pillow slip. The girl not knowing this in making the bed dropped the clock. The mistress says the boarder is a perfect gentleman and would pay for the clock; only he'd get angry and go somewhere else, and she cannot afford to lose him. Frequently a mistress will contend that she was to give the maid part of her wages in clothes, while the maid asserts that the clothes were presents. Often a girl will complain that her mistress gave her clothes for a Christmas present and then took them back. A motley comedy!

What Men Don't Understand

The untroubled listener is apt to underrate the magnitude of the servant problem precisely because he hears so much about it. It is a problem that no man, however well intentioned, can fully understand or cope with, just because it deals with the kind of human relationship and intricate duties that cannot be fully systematized. A man is used to a stenographer who receives so much a week and does so much work. If he dislikes her work or her ways he can let her go and get some one else better or just as good the next day. He does not understand the shiver his wife gives when he says:

"Let that cook go after breakfast tomorrow and get some one else by dinnertime."

There is no use trying to explain to him the danger of getting some one else who will be worse, and the strain involved in breaking in a new one, even if she proves to be no worse.

"Let me show you how to do it," he says, when his wife is afraid to ask Sarah to stay in when unexpected company comes on Sunday for whom a supper must be provided. He goes out and gives the order, and Sarah yields because he is a man—and most women do yield to men—but she takes it out of her mistress the next day and for several days afterward. A man cannot understand because he does not know how difficult housekeeping is. It is not only the unrelatedness of so many of the details, but the chances of accident and delay, and the relations of two women living intimately and yet not on an equality, that create difficulties that could never arise in a business office.

Some of the difficulties of the situation would be minimized if a definite contract were made between mistress and maid before they take each other on. They go through the motions of asking each other a few questions, but at heart they know that such questions are purely experimental. Though each can make a few surface generalizations about each other, the real test of their fitness to be associated can come only when they live together. Nevertheless, what each expects of the other ought to be clearly stated; the bargain should be made before the work is undertaken, and no modification should be permitted without express understanding. If the compact be oral, each girl and each mistress should have witnesses. There is no other certain way of settling disputes. The law itself has very little to say on the subject. It does specify that in a claim for wages any breakage due to the maid's carelessness may be offset against the claim. But courts do not agree that in case of dismissal or of leaving without notice in the middle of a week the employer has to pay for the unexpired term, or the employee should be paid for the part of the week she has served.

There are constant attempts to solve the servant problem. One theory is that the girl should have fixed hours of work. A

A Kodak Lesson *from* Motion Pictures.

The exactions of the motion picture film business are unequaled in any other department of photography and, we believe, in any other line of manufacturing on a large scale

The maker of motion pictures requires high speed in the emulsion, for every exposure is necessarily a snap-shot and must often be made under poor light conditions. He requires absolute dependability in the product, for he frequently spends thousands of dollars to produce his picture play, and a failure to get good negatives would mean not merely the waste of a few hundred feet of film, but the loss of the thousands of dollars spent for special trains, and actors, and settings, and the weeks, perhaps months of time, spent in preparation.

The motion picture man must have a film that is free from the minutest blemish. The picture that you see upon the curtain, say 15 x 20 feet in size, is approximately seventy thousand times as large as the tiny film upon which it was made. A spot the size of a pin head upon that film would show as large as your hat upon the curtain.

The requirements then, are extreme speed, fineness of grain, absolute freedom from mechanical defects, and dependability. The price of the film is a secondary consideration. First of all, it must be right. The competition for this business is purely a competition of *quality* and *reliability*.

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Be sure that it is Kodak Film with which you load your Kodak, taking especial care when traveling that no substitution is practiced at your expense. Look for "Kodak" on the spool end and "N.C." on the box.

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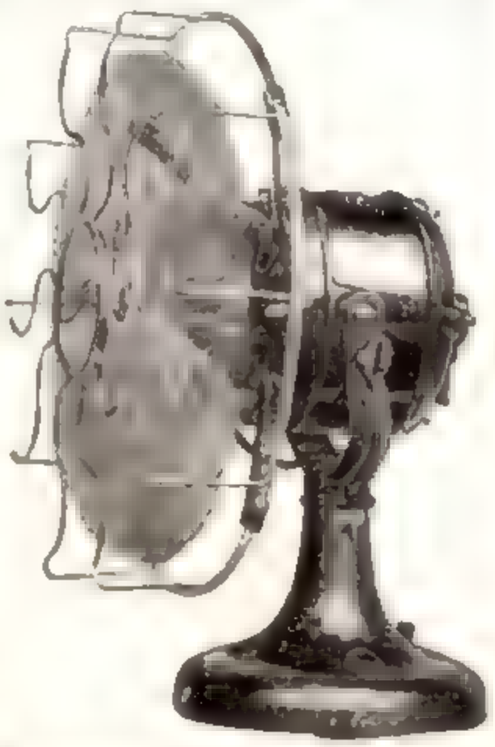

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rich woman has tried the plan of having her maids work in eight-hour shifts, but only a person able to afford plenty of help could undertake such an experiment. Another theory is that girls should work by the day and live outside in rooming houses, where they can have parlors and opportunity for social intercourse. But the average mistress asks how, under such circumstances, could one depend upon having breakfast on time every morning?

For the family in moderate circumstances there seems no way of absolutely limiting a girl's hours of labor. Certain things have, especially in flats, to be done on certain days; every mistress must have her own washing day. If she has a helper from outside to come in and clean, the day must be definitely arranged for. Nearly every family puts the great cleaning day on Friday, and baking days on Wednesday and Saturday; but every day brings unlooked for emergencies. So long as mistress and maid have to depend on butcher and grocer and baker and janitor they must allow for a certain amount of elasticity. There is something in the old proverb that a woman's work is never done. A mother may expect a good night's rest, and may have to sit up all night with a fretful baby. The maid may have made all her plans to go out for the evening, but may be asked to stay at home because some one has suddenly fallen ill. In a household exigencies are bound to occur that go outside all definite rules and planning.

For the most part the question, where it is solved, is solved individually. The mistress tries maid after maid until she gets the "right one"—which means the one who is congenial to her and moderately competent and faithful. The maid moves on until she gets the "right place"—she doesn't say "right home"—which means a household where the mistress pays good wages and is not too exacting. And everywhere peeps up the hydra head of the social inequality between two women thrown into close personal relation. Sometimes it shows in an unwise intimacy where the maid takes liberties. Sometimes it shows in a determination on the part of the mistress that the maid shall keep her place, which leads to antagonism and neglected work. The woman with one maid who has no servant problem is probably a woman who has made concessions that put her servant on an equality, to a certain extent, with herself.

"My maid and I are friends," said a tactful mistress. "She came from a country town where she belonged to the Christian Endeavor League and the Book Club, and did housework for her friends, sitting down with them for meals. When she came to me I did not call her a servant or a maid; I made use of the word 'helper.' I made it clear that, though I did not expect her to sit down at the table for meals with my family, it was not because of lack of equality with us; it was because neither she nor I would be doing our work adequately unless we had a well-ordered table. A table cannot be well ordered if one person is continually jumping up to serve the others. I made her see that the service must be carried on inconspicuously by the person best qualified to manage it."

Not Servant But Helper

"In the same way I showed her that when she was waiting on us at dinner I did not expect her to join in the conversation. That hour is perhaps the most intimate time of family communication; the father is back after an absence of eight or ten hours; the children are full of the experiences they wish to tell him; it is the hour for the family alone, not for friend or helper or any one outside of their intimate circle. But at luncheon, when the children and I are alone, I encourage her to join in our talk. Sometimes when the children are all away I have her sit down to a simple luncheon with me. At least once a year I give a little party to her and three or four of her friends, and I wait on them myself.

"Moreover, I never expect her to come in and go out by the back door. It is hard enough for a self-respecting woman to have her meals alone in the kitchen. Why should she have to go up and down a back stairway and in a back door? And if the family arrangements allow it, why shouldn't she sit on the front porch occasionally on summer evenings? It is little human attentions such as these that tend to make a helper feel she is part of the family and not a hireling and outsider in the home where she spends most of her hours."

Such a wise woman, who assumes the right to interpret life in her own household, who has found that by our very phraseology we have done much to degrade housework, and who realizes that a helper in the home is no more a servant than a shop girl or a nurse—such a woman is sure to command faithfulness and devotion. She is not the sort of woman who asks:

"Why do these girls go into shops and the cheaper offices where they don't get a living wage and can scarcely be decent, when we would be glad to have them work in our homes?"

It is surprising the value that a woman of this sort puts on her home. Whenever a pathetic newspaper article appears about individual girls who can find nothing to do, the philanthropic societies receive many letters offering such girls good homes in return for work. Sometimes there is no question of wages. There is the assumption that the privilege of remaining respectable by working fourteen or sixteen hours a day in a large family should be embraced with gratitude. Many of these women are well meaning; some, of course, see an opportunity to get a large amount of work with small monetary return; doubtless they are themselves hard pressed for money. The point is, it is their home and not the home of the girl.

The Right of Choice

Why should girls be blamed for choosing shop and office? Work in the shop, and office work of the unskilled sort, take far less brains than the skilled housework. Yet that does not guide the girl in her decision; she simply chooses what responds to her needs. The woman who blames her has made her own choice in life, has married the man she wanted and selected the neighborhood she likes to live in. The girl who likes plenty of society instead of isolation, definite hours of work and freedom for her evenings and Sunday, and above all the escape from the stigma of domestic servitude, has the same right of choice, even if she pays for it in loss of money and in poor food. It is unfortunate that they should make such choice, but they are only exercising the same right as the woman higher up.

Many servants are themselves longing to escape from housework; some of them do by marriage, and then they develop ambitions for their daughters. The average mother who has been a servant feels keenly the degradation of the position. Very often she refuses to allow her daughters to learn anything about housekeeping, partly for fear they would have to do it in some one else's home, and partly because it is easier to do it herself than to show them how. It is her ambition that they shall work in an office or a shop and marry young men that can afford to have the housework done for them. So she rears up incompetent wives; and often in the end they turn out to be deserted wives because they have not known how to be home-makers.

All mistresses will have to learn what the wisest know already, that until the isolation of the maid is tempered, until all freedom possible is allowed her—although really she suffers less than she supposes—and until every other class of working women and women of leisure cease to regard her kind of work as the most socially degrading—until then the servant question will continue to be almost insoluble. Many women who used to keep maids are solving the problem by doing their own work. They plan it in the most intelligent manner, and are surer it will be done better by their own two hands than by the two hands of a second person whose interest is superficial. Moreover, it will be economically done; no left-overs will sour in the ice-box or be prematurely thrown out. Such a housekeeper is likely to have many more domestic appliances for lightening her work than she would have if she kept a servant.

Nothing is so cheap as human energy—some one else's. When a woman is going to be mistress and maid in one she wants every kind of labor-saving device. She calls in outside help, perhaps, for the heaviest work, and here she is rarely at a loss, for as the number of maids grows relatively smaller the number of women who work by the day is increasing. They like the fixed hours, the freedom, the higher pay and, on all these accounts, the slightly superior standing that is theirs in the world of workers.

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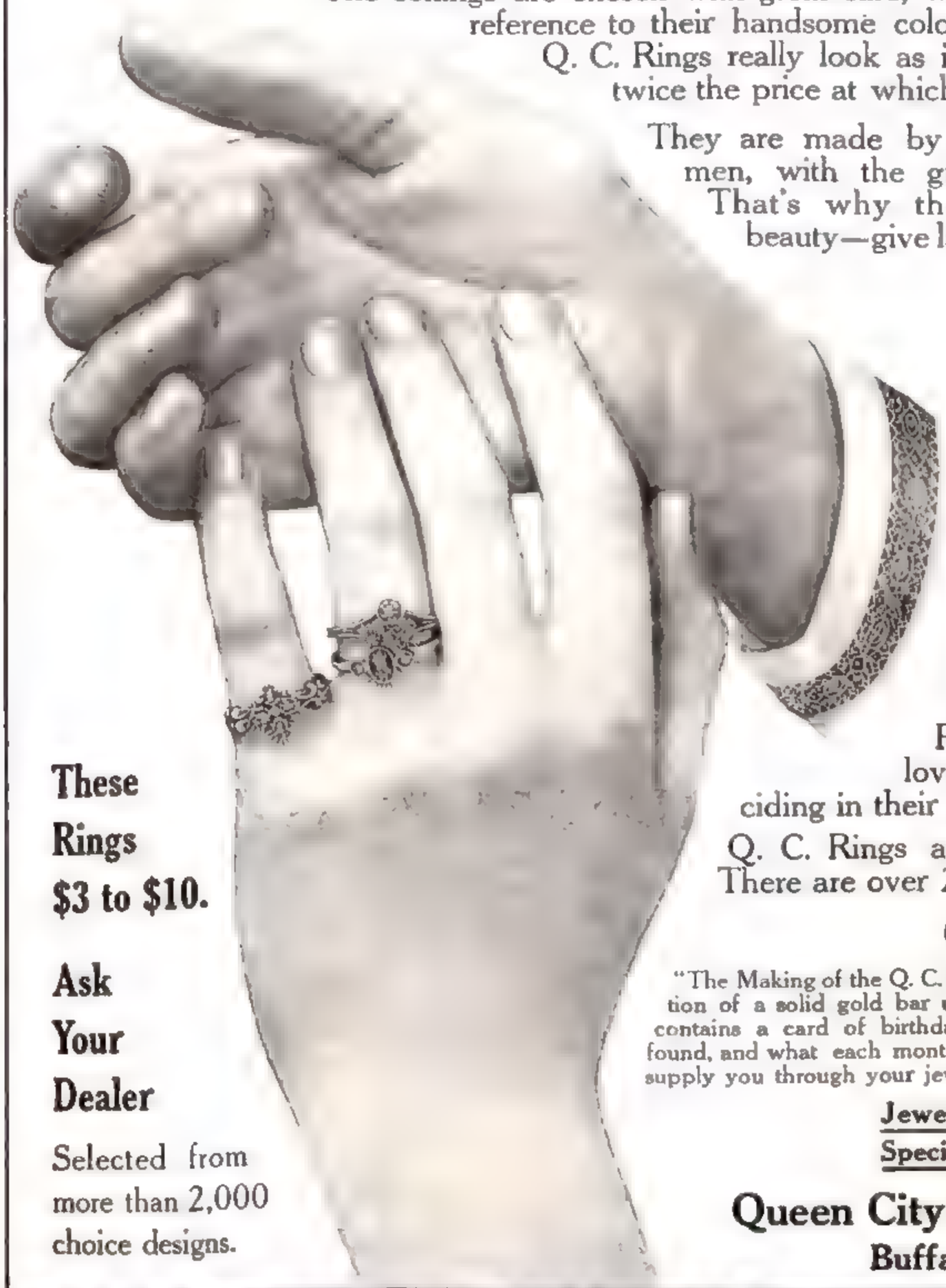

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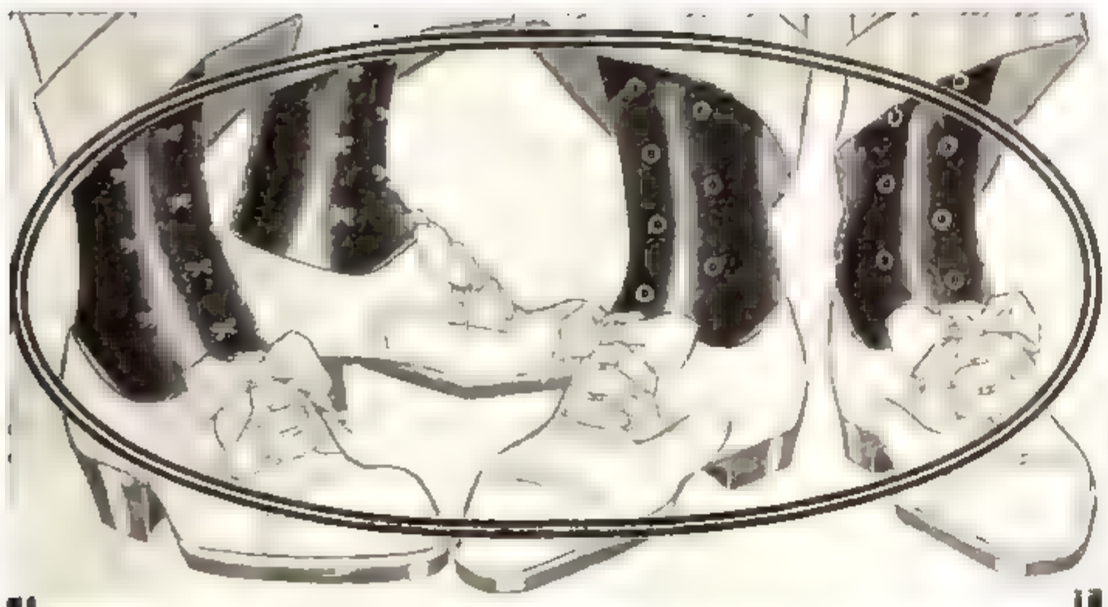

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OUR CANADIAN COUSINS

(Continued from Page 12)

wield if they like and whenever they like. If the directing minds of this combination shall prove moderate, honest, patriotic, theirs is the opportunity to be the benefactors of a country and a people such as seldom has come to any men in any land.

The fundamental question is whether Canada's railways will be the giant servants of the people, earning and receiving for that service a generous reward, or whether they will be the mighty masters of the people, absorbing the people's substance.

So great is the confidence of Parliament and the Canadian people in the Canadian Railway Commission, and so broad and sweeping is the authority of Canada's National Parliament, that if the Canadian Railway Commission tomorrow were to ask increased powers they probably would be given promptly, generously and fully.

And, indeed, into this question enters that intangible but powerful influence of public opinion. In a sense, the political origin and government aid in the building of these roads give them a public quality which our American railroads do not have. The people feel that they have a very great interest in those roads as a public matter.

"We helped to build these roads," think the people, "and we have a definite money concern in them."

Also, as I have tried to show, they were constructed quite as much as a matter of national necessity from a political point of view as a commercial necessity from an economic point of view.

Yet these railways, thus planned and built, took on quite readily many of the methods and practices of our American roads which caused the agitation for railroad reform among our people. So, when we began to give our railroad commission some real vitality and power to correct railway abuses, the Canadian people again showed that they watch us with care and intelligence.

For, as yet, they had no railway commission themselves. So, to correct such evils as were appearing and to prevent that tropical growth of railway abuses which has so oppressed us Americans in the past, the Canadian people thought a Canadian Railway Commission should be established.

The Powers of the Commission

Out of all this, then, has grown the Canadian Railway Commission with its broad and vital powers.

What are those powers? Let us take railway rates for the first example. The Canadian Railway Commission, then, as a matter of mere power, can tell any Canadian railway just what rates it shall charge and what it shall not charge. It can do this on application from a shipper, or the commission can do it on its own motion.

As a matter of sheer power, the Canadian Railway Commission can put its experts at work and some day notify the Canadian Pacific—subject to one provision in its charter—or any other Canadian road—subject to no provision—that thereafter its rates shall be so and so throughout the thousands of miles of its lines.

Then comes classification. Every shipper and railroad man will know what that means. The Canadian Railway Commission can do just exactly as it likes about the classification of shipments.

Nor is this all. Suppose, for example, a man comes to the Canadian Railway Commission and says:

"I have traveled a good many times over this or that line of road. The bridge at such a place is unsafe. I felt it tremble under me. Not only do I travel myself but my wife and children travel with me. Also, I send my agents over this line. There must be a better bridge."

Very well. The Canadian Railway Commission can tell that railway company it must make a better bridge—a bridge of stone or steel, or whatever the commission likes.

Or, suppose there is a question in some Canadian town of the safety of a crossing. Some citizen, then, brings this question to the attention of the railway commission, or the commission hears of it in any way; as a matter of power, the Canadian Railway Commission can order that railway to do anything the commission thinks wise as to that particular crossing.

Or, suppose some Canadian shipper says: "The railroad will not furnish me cars." The Canadian Railway Commission looks into that and finds out whether this man is merely a chronic grumbler or whether he has just cause for complaint. Under the law, the commission can compel the road to furnish this man cars; and the road has got to furnish that man cars that is all there is to it. Its orders are autocratic.

Pretty wide powers, would not you say? And yet this is only the beginning. The commission, on its own motion or on the information of anybody, can tell the railways that the latter must have certain safety appliances; and thereafter the railways must put those appliances in or suffer the penalties of the law.

For example, it appeared that certain railway companies loaded their cars with heavy materials, such as logs, lumber, rails and the like, and that the lives of the employees were in constant danger. Many of them were hurt; some killed. This came to the attention of Canada's railway commission.

Forthwith it ordered every railway company in Canada subject to the authority of Parliament thereafter to observe rigid regulations in this matter. And the commission ordered a penalty—a money fine for every violation of the order by a railway company, shipper or employee for to prescribe penalties is one of the powers of Canada's railway commission.

A Sheer Matter of Power

Another recent example: It appeared that a certain improved safety appliance was not in use. This came to the attention of the railway commission. Forthwith every railway in Canada was ordered to make this improvement in its freight cars by a certain day. Almost one of the first acts of the commission was to order the railways to equip their passenger cars with fire-extinguishers.

Nor is this all. Suppose some railway workman—engineer, brakeman, conductor, fireman or what-not—complains to the commission that there are not enough men on the railway crew in the runs of that railway. The commission can say to the railway: "Your crews are undermanned. Hereafter you must have this or that number of men to a railway crew of so many cars." On go the additional men, without any "ifs and ands."

As a sheer matter of power, the Canadian Railway Commission can say to a Canadian railway: "You will work all your men one hour a day and no longer." Of course the Canadian Railway Commission does nothing so silly. It does not even tell the railways how many hours their men shall work, but it has the power to do so. And the day surely is coming when it will do so.

In short, there is not a single practical phase of the railway problem with which the Canadian Railway Commission cannot deal amply and comprehensively. And the railway's knowledge that the commission has this power—and will exercise it—is a weighty preventive of railway abuses.

Our American railroad lobbyists and "constitutional lawyers" will say: "What in the world would become of our own American railroad traffic under like conditions? Do not the Canadian railways have any protection?"

Yes; the Canadians think they have all they need. A railway company in Canada can appeal on any question of fact from the Canadian Railway Commission to the "governor in council"—but this carries the whole case up with it. This governor in council merely means that the Canadian railway can appeal to the Canadian Cabinet—that is to say, at the present moment, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his ministers; but this, mind you, only as to matters of fact. On such an appeal the railways say: "The railway commission was wrong on its facts. So we appeal to you on the fact itself."

What about matters of law? In Canada that is a very simple thing. The railways may appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada on a matter of law—but this, mind you, only as a matter of the railway commission's grace and not as a matter of right.

For example, suppose what we in America think is a matter of "law" should come up in Canada. The Canadian Railway

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Commission may say: "Gentlemen, this is not a matter of law. We deny your appeal." Whereupon the railway company could not appeal.

There is only one question on which Canadian railways may appeal as a matter of right—and that is the question of jurisdiction. Suppose, for example, to illustrate this question, the Canadian railway says "This commission has exceeded its powers. What it has decided is not within the powers given it by the law. So as a matter of right we, the railway company, appeal from it because the commission has exceeded its jurisdiction."

For example, a case recently came before the Canadian Railway Commission where a power company asked to cross the right-of-way of a railway company. The commission said to the power company: "Certainly; go ahead and use the right-of-way of the railway company. It is for the general welfare."

The railway company said to the power company: "To be sure—go ahead; but pay us for the privilege. This right-of-way is our property. We, the railway company, are entitled to compensation from you, the power company, for using our property."

However, the commission said to the railway company: "No; this is a public matter. You got your own rights from the public. The people gave you what you call your right-of-way. Therefore you own it subject to the public welfare, and the public interest demands that this power company shall use your right-of-way. Therefore we, the railway commission, grant the power company the right to go across your right-of-way without any compensation whatever."

The Rarity of Appeals

Whereupon the railway company appealed to the Supreme Court of Canada on the question as to whether its property rights were infringed upon; but it failed to make out its case.

The appeal to the governor in council—that is, literally, to the Prime Minister and his Cabinet—may, of course, be taken from the whole order of the commission. More than that, the Government—the Prime Minister and his Cabinet—may intervene on its own motion, overrule the decision of the commission and, in short, say just what shall be done. In other words, the Government—the Premier and his Cabinet—stand over the railway commission all the time. The Government can do just as it pleases. This, of course, is a matter of power. As a matter of fact, the Government does no such thing, practically speaking.

To sum this whole thing up—up to the end of March, 1910, two thousand one hundred and seventeen complaints were made to the Canadian Railway Commission, and of this number two thousand one hundred and seventeen decisions were rendered. Out of this total number of decisions only twenty-two appeals were made—some of them permitted by the commission as a matter of grace; for, of the total twenty-two appealed cases, only three were on matters of fact.

Very well, then. Of these twenty-two appeals to both the Supreme Court and to the governor in council only four were reversed. Think of that! Out of two thousand one hundred and seventeen decisions only twenty-two appeals were made; and of these only four were reversed and one was reversed in part!

What about matters of fact and not of law? Of the twenty-two appeals—all appealed cases—only three were on matters of fact.

And, of course, in all these questions of fact the Premier and his Cabinet usually decide in favor of the Canadian Railway Commission. Why should they not? The Cabinet does not know the least thing about the facts and the railway commission knows everything about them.

So the American reader will say that the powers of the Canadian Railway Commission are far simpler and more autocratic than our own—first, because of the history of the building of the Canadian railways; second, because they have carefully studied our own experience and mistakes, and are profiting by them.

Why, then, should we Americans not do the same?

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of articles on Canada by Mr Beveridge. The next paper will appear in an early number.

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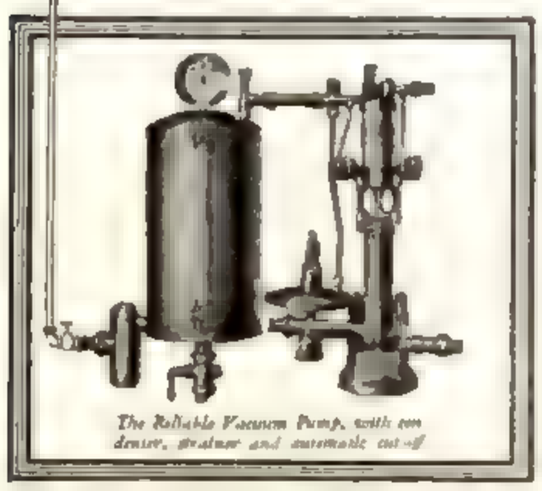

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ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL. B.

(Continued from Page 9)

knows me almost better than I know myself—eh, Gottie? Between us we have turned many a trick."

"You mean that I have pulled you out of many a bad hole," retorted Gottlieb.

"As you please," answered Billington good temperedly. "But in any event you are a splendid fellow at all times—and especially in times of need."

"May I inquire your business, Mr. Billington?" I asked, curious to identify my new acquaintance.

Billington winked at Gottlieb.

"How would you describe it, Mr. Lawyer?" said he.

Gottlieb laughed and shifted his cigar.

"Our friend Charlie lives by his brains," he replied. "He is an inventor, a promoter, an artist. He has earned many a small fortune by the simple use of a postage stamp. Incidentally he is of a scientific turn of mind and can rattle off the Morse alphabet as deftly as any operator in the business. Occasionally he has, in the interest of finance, tapped a wire."

"Tapped a wire!" Instantly I regarded Billington with new interest. So at last I had met one of those famous gentry of whom I had so often heard!

"Never again, I fancy!" laughed Charlie. "My friend, you have saved a lot of poor devils a deal of trouble. From this time on none of us will ever need to tap wires. After this we shall only *pretend* to tap 'em."

"How so?" I inquired, dropping into a nearby chair.

"Why, under the new law," responded Billington—"the law of which, I may say, you are the creator—we shall only have to induce some innocent countryman to believe that he has heard the result of a horse-race being sent over the wire in advance of the poolrooms, and persuade him to turn over his roll for the purpose of betting it on a horse that is presumably already cooling off in the paddock and we can keep his money; for he has parted with it for an illegal or an inimical purpose—to wit, cheating the bookies."

After Billington bade us good night, Gottlieb said to me:

"Quib, the more I think of it, the more astounding is the result of this new doctrine of yours that has been sanctified by the Court of Appeals. I do not for the life of me see how a seller of 'green goods' can be prosecuted. The countryman comes to the city for the purpose of buying counterfeit money at a ridiculously low figure. He puts up his money and gets a package of blank paper with a genuine one-dollar bill on top of it. What good will it do him to appeal to the police? Has he not parted with his money avowedly for a most wicked purpose—that of uttering counterfeit bills?"

"I quite agree with you," I answered. "There seems to be no escape from your result: and I, for one, do not see what is to prevent New York from becoming the Mecca of all the thieves and rogues in the country."

And such, indeed, it became. From this time on, until very recently, the metropolis was the stamping ground of all the rogues who could not earn a dishonest living elsewhere. With our friend Charles as their sponsor, there sprang into being herds of "sick engineers," fake "wire-tappers," "green-goods" swindlers and confidence men of all sorts, who flourished safely under the protection of the decision of the Court of Appeals in McDuff's case.

It was but shortly after this that one of Billington's friends found himself in the toils of the police for having pretended to sell a package of "green goods" to a yokel from the rural part of the state. Larry at once engaged me to defend him, asserting that as I was responsible for the law it was my duty to apply it for the benefit of our clients. So once again I entered the arena in behalf of a principle that at heart I believed to be vicious and even absurd, and once again, to my surprise and the delight of my new clients, I triumphed. The Appellate Division reversed the conviction that had followed the arrest and discharged the prisoner, asserting that there was no longer any authority for holding him if the McDuff case was to be taken as law.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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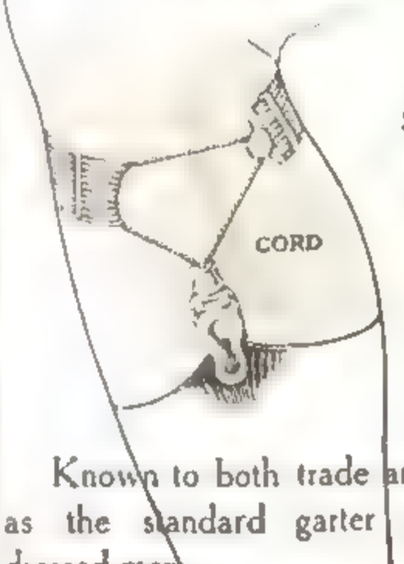

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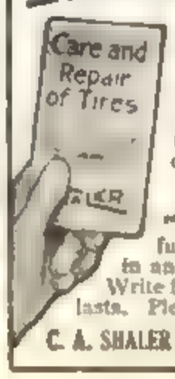

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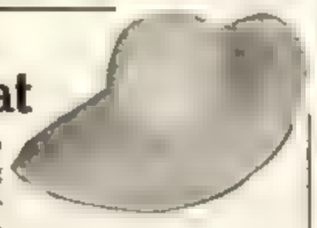

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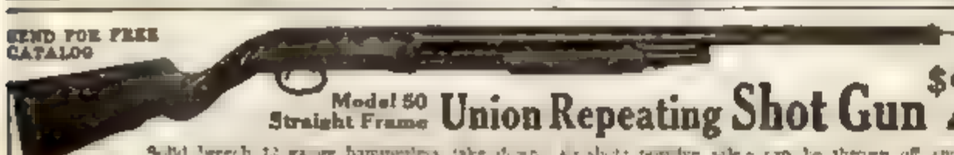

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THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

(Continued from Page 17)

once befriended him. Why had he not thought of her before? He walked boldly up the steps and rang the bell.

Clementina was fiercely painting drapery from the lay figure—a gray silk dress, full of a thousand folds and shadows. The texture was not coming right. The more she painted the less like silk did it look. Now was it muddy canvas; now fluffy wool. Every touch was wrong. Every stroke of the brush since her yesterday's talk with Quixtus was wrong. She could not paint. Yet, in a frenzy of anger, she determined to paint. What had the woman invited to Quixtus' dinner party to do with her art? She would make the thing come right. She would prove to herself that she was a woman of genius—that she had not her sex hanging round the neck of her spirit. If Quixtus chose to make a fool of himself with Mrs. Fontaine, in Heaven's name let him do so. She had her work to do. She would do it in spite of all the society hacks in Christendom. The skirt began to look like a blanket stained with coffee. Let him have his dinner party. What was there of importance in so contemptible a thing as a dinner party? But this infernal woman had suggested it. How far was he compromised with this infernal woman? She could wring her neck. The dress began to suggest a humorously streaky London fog.

"Darn the thing!" cried Clementina, wiping the whole skirt out. "I'll stand here forever until I get it right."

Her tea, on a little table at the other end of the studio, remained untouched. Her hair fell in loose strands over her forehead and she pushed it back every now and then with impatient fingers. The front-door bell rang and soon her maid appeared at the gallery door.

"A gentleman to see you, ma'am."

"I can't see anybody. You know I can't. Tell him to go away."

The maid came down the stairs.

"I told him you weren't in to anybody—but he insisted. He hadn't a card, but wrote his name on a strip of paper. Here it is, ma'am."

Clementina angrily took the slip: "Mr. Vandermeer would be glad to see Miss Wing on the most urgent business."

"Tell him I can't see him."

The maid mounted the stairs. Vandermeer? Vandermeer? Where had she heard that name before? Suddenly she remembered.

"All right. Show him down here," she shouted to the disappearing maid.

She might just as well see him. If she sent him away the buzzing worry of conjecture as to his urgent business would flitter about her mind. She threw down her palette and brush and impatiently rubbed her hands together. Into what shape of mortal flaccidity was she weakening? Five months ago all the urgent business of all the Vandermeers in the world could go hang when she was painting and could not get a thing right. Why should she be different now from the Clementina of five months ago? Why—why—why? With exasperated hands she further confounded the confusion of her hair.

The introduction of Vandermeer put a stop to these questionings. She received him, arms akimbo, at a short distance from the foot of the stairs.

"I must apologize, Miss Wing, for this intrusion," said he; "but perhaps you may remember ——"

"Yes, yes," she interrupted. "Ham and beef shop, which you transmogrified into a restaurant. Also Mr. Burgrave. What do you want? I'm very busy."

The sight of the mean little figure, holding his felt hat with both hands in front of him, with his pointed face, ferret eyes and red, crinkly hair, did not in any way redeem her remembered impression.

"A very grave danger is threatening Doctor Quixtus," said he. "It is impossible for me to warn him myself, so I have come to you, as a friend of his."

"Danger!" cried Clementina, taken off her guard. "What kind of danger?"

"You will only understand if I tell you a rather long story; but first I must have your promise to secrecy so far as I am concerned."

"Don't like secrecy," said Clementina.

"You can take whatever action you like," he said hastily. "It's in order that you may act in his interest that I'm here. I only want you to give your word that you won't compromise me personally. I assure you, you'll see why when I tell you the story."

Clementina reflected for a moment. It was a danger threatening Quixtus. It might be important. This little weasel of a man was of no account.

"All right," she said. "I give my word. Go ahead."

She took a pinch of tobacco from the yellow package, and a cigarette paper; and, sitting in a chair in the cool draft of the door opening on to the garden, with shaky fingers she rolled a cigarette.

"Sit down. You can smoke if you like. You can also help yourself to tea. I won't have any."

Vandermeer poured himself out some tea and cut an enormous hunk of cake.

"I warn you," said he, drawing a chair within conversational distance, "that the story will be a long one—I want to begin at the beginning."

"Go ahead, for Heaven's sake!" said Clementina.

Vandermeer was astute enough to conjecture that a sudden denunciation of Mrs. Fontaine might defeat his object by exciting her generous indignation; whereas, by gradually arousing her interest in the affairs of Quixtus, the climactic introduction of the execrated lady might pass almost unrecognized.

"The story has to do, in the first place," said he, "with three men—John Billiter, Eustace Huckaby and myself."

"Huckaby?" cried Clementina, startled. "What has he to do with you?"

"The biggest blackguard of us all," said Vandermeer.

Clementina lay back in her chair, her attention caught at once.

"Go on," she said.

Whereupon Vandermeer began; and, with remorseless veracity—for here truth was far more effective than fiction—told the story of the relations of the three with Quixtus in the days of their comparative prosperity, when he himself was on the staff of a newspaper, Billiter in possession of the fag-end of his fortune and Huckaby a coach at Cambridge. He told how one by one they sank; how Quixtus held out the helping hand. He told of the weekly dinners; the overcoat pockets.

"Not a soul on earth but you three knew anything about it?" asked Clementina in a quavering voice.

"So far as I know, not a soul."

He told of the drunken dinner; of Quixtus' anger; of the cessation of the intercourse; of the extraordinary evening when Quixtus had invited them to be his ministers of evil; of his madness; of his fixed idea to work wickedness; of his own suggestion as regarded Tommy.

"You infamous devil!" said Clementina between her set teeth. In her wildest conjectures she had never imagined so grotesque and so pitiable a history. She sat absorbed, pale-cheeked, holding the extinct stump of cigarette between her fingers.

Vandermeer paid no attention to the ejaculation. He proceeded with his story; told of Billiter and the turf; of Huckaby and the heartbreaking adventure.

"Oh, my God!" cried Clementina. "Oh, my God!"

He told of the meetings in the tavern; of the hunger and misery of the three; of the plot to use a decoy woman in Paris, who was to bleed him to the extent of three thousand pounds.

"What's her name?" she cried, her lips parted in an awful surmise.

"Lena Fontaine," said Vandermeer.

Clementina grew very white and she fell back into her chair. She felt faint. She had worked violently; she had felt violently since early morning. Vandermeer started up.

"Can I get you anything? Some water—some tea?"

"Nothing," she said shortly. The idea of receiving anything from his abhorrent hands acted as a shock. "I'm all right. Go on. Tell me all you know about her."

He related the unsavory details that he had gleaned from Billiter, scrupulously explaining that these were at second-hand. Finally he informed her with fair accuracy of Huckaby's latest report—giving, however, his own interpretation of Huckaby's conduct—and laid the position of Billiter and himself before her.

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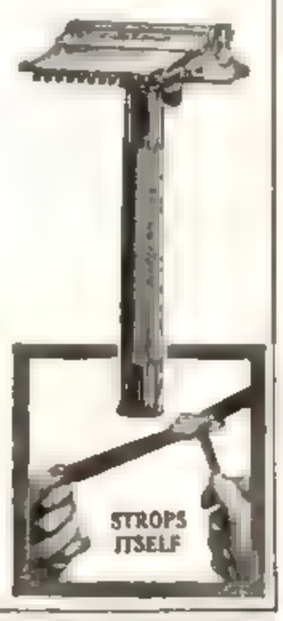

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

"You see," said he, "how important it was for me to obtain your pledge of secrecy."

"And what do you get out of coming to me with this story?"

Vandermeer rose and held his hat tight. "Nothing except the satisfaction of having queered the game for both of them."

Clementina shrank together in her chair, her hands tight over her face, all her flesh a shuddering horror. Then she waved both hands at him blindly.

"Go away! Go away!" she said in a hoarse whisper.

Vandermeer's shifty eyes glanced from Clementina to a stool beside his chair. On it lay the great hunk of cake which he had cut but had not been able to eat during his narration. She was not looking. He pocketed the cake and turned—but Clementina had seen. She uttered a cry of anguish and horror.

"Oh, Lord! Are you so hungry as that? You'll find some money in that end drawer"—she pointed to an oak dresser against the gallery wall. "Take what you want to buy food with and go. Only go!"

Vandermeer opened the drawer, took out a five-pound note and, having mounted the stairs, left the studio.

Clementina staggered into the little garden, her brain reeling. She, who thought she had fathomed the depths of life and, scornful of her knowledge thereof, rode serene on the surface, knew nothing. Nothing of the wolf instinct of a man when hunger drives. Nothing of the degradation of a man when the drink fiend clutches at his throat. Lord! How sweet the air, even in this ridiculous little London garden, after the awful atmosphere of that beast of prey!

Quixtus! All her heart went out to him in fierce love and pity. Generous, high-souled gentleman at the mercy of these ravening wolves! She walked round and round the little garden path. Things obscure to her gradually became clear, but many remained dark—maddeningly impenetrable. Something had happened to throw the beloved man off his balance. The Marrable trial might well be a factor. But was that enough? Yet what did the past matter? The present held peril. The web was being woven tight around him. She had hated the woman intuitively at first sight—had dreaded complications. It was a million times worse than she had in her most jealous dreams conceived. If he were lured into marriage what but disaster could be the end? And Sheila! Her blood froze at the thought of her darling coming into contact with the woman. All her sex clamored.

Before she acted, every dark corner must be illuminated. There must be no groping—no false movement. One man would certainly be able to throw light—Huckaby, the trusted friend of Quixtus. The more she thought of him the more was she amazed. Here was one of the ghastly band—an illimitable scoundrel—the one who had openly suggested to Quixtus the most despicable yet the most fantastic wickedness of all—now the confidential secretary, the collaborator, the *fidus Achates*, of the sane and disillusioned gentleman.

With sudden decision she marched into the studio and took up the telephone and gave a number. Quixtus' voice eventually answered. Who was there?

"It's me—Clementina. Is Mr. Huckaby still with you?"

Huckaby had left half an hour ago.

"Can you give me his address? I want to ask him to come and see me—to come to tea. I like him so much, you know."

The address came through the telephone. She noted it in her memory. Quixtus inquired for Sheila. Clementina gave him cheery news and rang off. All this was arrant disingenuousness and duplicity; but Clementina did not care. What woman ever does?

She ran up to her bedroom, thrust on a jacket, pinned on the hat with the wobbly rose and went out. In the King's Road she found a taxicab. A quarter of an hour brought her to Huckaby's lodgings.

He had spent a happy and untroubled day and was finishing the Phædo with great enjoyment when Clementina burst into the room. He leaped from his chair in amazement.

"My dear Miss Wing!"

"You infernal villain!" said Clementina.

Huckaby staggered back. To such a salutation it is difficult to respond in the ordinary terms of hospitality.

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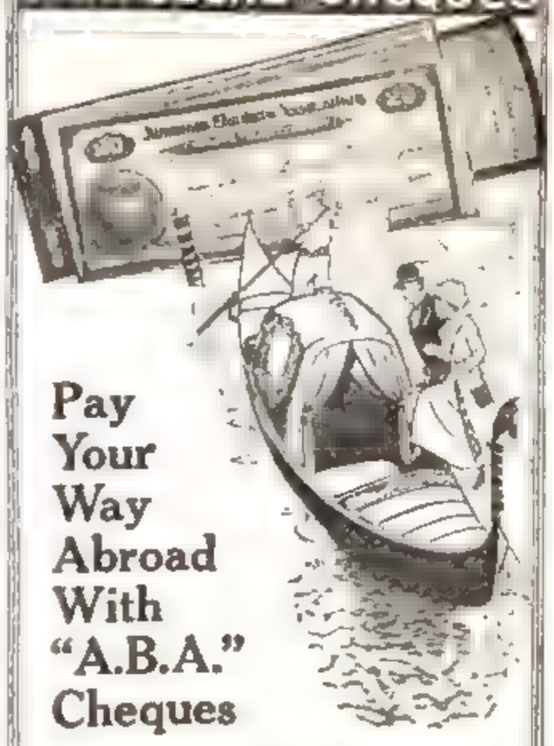

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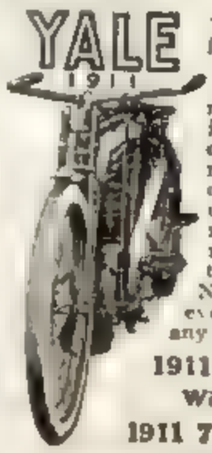

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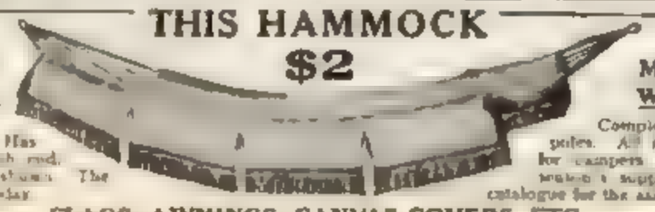

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"Will you take a seat," said he, "and explain?"

He drew a chair to the open window. She plumped herself down.

"I think it's for you to explain," she said.

"I presume," said Huckaby, after a pause, "that something in connection with my past life has come to your ears. I will grant that there was in it much that was not particularly creditable. But my conscience now is free from reproach."

Clementina sniffed. "You must have a very accommodating conscience. What about Doctor Quixtus and Mrs. Fontaine?"

"Well, what about them?"

"You know the kind of woman Mrs Fontaine is—you introduced her to him—and yet you are allowing her to inveigle him into marriage. Oh, don't deny it! I know the whole infamous conspiracy from A to Z."

Huckaby stifled an oath. "Those brutes Vandermeer and Billiter have been giving the woman away to you!" He clenched his fists. "The blackguards!"

"I don't know anything about Vanwhat's-his-name or the other man. I only know one thing—this marriage is not going to take place. I might have gone straight to Doctor Quixtus; but I thought it best to see you first. There are various things I want cleared up."

Huckaby looked at the woman's strong, rugged face and then his eyes wandered round the little cool haven that was his home—and a great fear fell upon him. If Quixtus learned the truth now about Mrs Fontaine he would never be forgiven. He would be put on the same footing as the two others; and then the abyss. Of course he could lie and Mrs. Fontaine could lie. But what would be the use? The revelation of the true facts to Quixtus would fit in only too well with his past disingenuousness and with his urgent insistence on the heartbreaking adventure. And his iron-faced visitor would soon see to it that the lies were swept away. His face grew ashen.

"You have me in your power," he said humbly. "Once I was a gentleman and a scholar. Then there were years of degradation. Now, thanks to Quixtus, I'm on the way to becoming my former self. If you denounce me to Quixtus I go back. For sheer pity's sake, don't do it."

"Let me hear what you've got to say for yourself," said Clementina grimly.

"What Quixtus' feelings are with regard to Mrs. Fontaine, I don't know. He has never spoken to me on the subject. But he certainly admires her for what she really is—a charming, well-bred woman."

"Umph!" said Clementina.

"Suppose," continued Huckaby—"Suppose we were drawn into this conspiracy. Suppose, when we came to put it into practice, both our souls revolted. Suppose she began to like Quixtus for his own sake. Suppose her soul also revolted from her past life——"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Clementina.

"I assure you it's true," he said earnestly. "Let us suppose it is, anyhow. Suppose she saw in a marriage with a good man her salvation. Suppose she was ready to make him a good wife. Suppose I thoroughly believed her. How could I, clinging to the same plank as she, do otherwise than I have done—keep silent?"

"Your duty to your benefactor should certainly outweigh your supposed duty to this worthless creature."

Huckaby sighed. "That's the woman's point of view."

Clementina made an angry gesture. "I suppose you're right. Always the confounded woman's point of view!—when one wants to look at things judicially. Yes. You couldn't give the woman away—a man's perverted notion—I see. Well—let us take it, for the sake of argument, that I believe you. What then?"

"I don't know," said he. "Mrs. Fontaine and myself are at your mercy."

"Umph!" said Clementina again. She paused, glanced shrewdly at his face as he sat forward in the chair on the opposite side of the window, twisting nervous fingers and staring out across the street.

"Tell me your story—frankly—of Doctor Quixtus," she said at last—"from the time of the Marrable trial. As many details as you can remember. I want to know."

Huckaby obeyed. He was, as he said, at her mercy. His story confirmed Vandermeer's, but it covered a wider ground and, told with truer perception, cast the desired light on dark places. She learned

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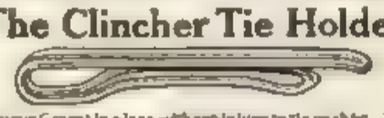

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for the first time—for hitherto she had concerned herself little with Quixtus' affairs—the fact of his disinheritance, Quixtus having, one raging day, revealed to Huckaby the history of the cynical will. She questioned him about Will Hammersley. His account of Quixtus' half given and hastily snatched confidence was a lightning flash.

Clementina rose, aghast, and walked about the room. The idea of such a horror had never entered her head. Hammersley and Angela—it was incredible, impossible. There must have been some awful hallucination. That Hammersley, Bayard without fear and without reproach, and Angela, quiet, colorless saint, could have done this thing baffled all imaginings of human passion. It was inconceivable, ludicrous, grotesque. But to Quixtus it was real. He believed it. It lay at the root of his disorder. Even now, with his disorder cured, he believed it still. She was rent with his anguish.

"My God! How he must have suffered!"

"And, in spite of everything," said Huckaby, "he is as tender to Hammersley's little daughter as if she were his own."

"Thank you for that. You've got a heart somewhere about you."

She sat down again. "When do you think this suspicion, or whatever it was, crossed his mind? Let us go back."

They talked long and earnestly. At length, Huckaby having ransacked his memory of things past, they fixed as a probable date the day of the hostless dinner. Quixtus had sent down word that he was ill. The excuse was entirely false. Nothing but severe mental trouble could have stood in the way of his taking the head of the table. Obviously something had happened. Huckaby had a vague memory of seeing Quixtus, as he entered the museum, crush a letter in his hand and stuff it into his jacket pocket. It might possibly have been a letter incriminating the pair.

Whether the conjecture was right or wrong did not greatly matter. Clementina felt now that she held the key to Quixtus' mad conduct. Blow after blow had fallen on him. Those whom he trusted had betrayed him. He had lost faith in humanity. The gentle nature could not withstand this loss of faith. There had been shock. He had set out to work devildom. The pity of it!

She uttered a queer, choking laugh. "And not one piece of wickedness could he commit!"

The summer twilight began to creep over the quiet street and the darkness deepened at the back of the room. A long, long silence fell upon them. Clementina sat as motionless as a dusky sphinx, absorbed by strange thoughts and wrung by strange emotions that made her bosom heave and her breath come quickly. A scheme—audacious, fantastic, romantic—began to shape itself in her mind, sending the blood tingling down to her feet, to her fingertips.

At last she made an abrupt movement.

"It's getting dark. What can the time be? I must go home."

She rose.

"Before I go," she said, "we must settle about Mrs. Fontaine."

"I suppose we must," groaned Huckaby. "All I ask you is to spare her as much as you can."

"We must think first of Quixtus," she replied shortly. "What we've got to do for him is to build up his faith in humanity again—not to give the little he has left another knockdown blow. See?"

Huckaby raised his head with swift hope.

"Do you mean that he must not know about her?"

"Or about you. That's what I mean."

"God bless you!" gasped Huckaby.

"All the same, this precious marriage project has got to be put a stop to—forever and ever, amen. I hope you realize that thoroughly."

Huckaby could not meet her keen eyes. He hung his head.

"I suppose you mean me to break it gently to her that—that the game is up."

"I don't mean anything of the kind," she snapped. "Now, look here. Pay strict attention. If you obey me implicitly and scrupulously I'll still see whether I can't be your friend—and I can be a good friend; but if you don't—God help you! You're not to let those two blackguards suffer on my account. Promise."

"I promise," said Huckaby.

"Then you're not to breathe a single syllable to Mrs. Fontaine. Best keep out of her way. Leave me to deal with her. I'll let her down gently, I'll give you my word on it. Is that a bargain?"

"Yes," said Huckaby.

She put out her hand frankly.

"Goodby."

He accompanied her to the front door.

"Can I get you a taxi?"

"Lord, no! When I'm a lady you can. I'll walk till I find one."

Clementina sped to Romney Place with shining eyes and a smile lurking at the corners of her lips. The first thing she did on arrival was to rush down to the telephone.

"Is that you, Ephraim?"

"Yes," came the answer.

"I've changed my mind and I'm coming to your dinner party."

"Delighted, my dear Clementina."

"Goodby."

She rang off and rushed upstairs to make a fool of herself over Sheila, who, already put to bed, lay awake in anticipation of Clementina's good-night cuddle.

"When you go to stay with your uncle I wonder whether he'll spoil you like this."

"You'll come too," said Sheila sedately, "and then you can go on spoiling me."

"Lord preserve us!" cried Clementina. "What a scandal in Russell Square!"

Toward ten o'clock Tommy made his appearance. The daily calls to inquire after her health and happiness had grown to be a sacred observance; but, as the studio was rigorously closed to him during the daylight hours, his visits were vespertinal. If she wanted him she told him to stay. If she didn't she sent him about his business. He had got into the habit of kissing her, nephew fashion, when they met and parted. She liked the habit now, for she felt that the boy loved her very dearly. And in an auntlike and comfortful way she, too, loved him with all her heart.

"Can I stay?"

She nodded.

"What have you been doing with yourself?" Clementina asked.

He entered upon a long story. Some picture or other was shaping splendidly. His uncle had taken Etta and himself out to lunch.

"Said he was thinking of going to Dinard for August. Rum place for him to go, isn't it?"

Clementina repressed a manifestation of interest in the announcement, but it set her pulses throbbing.

"I suppose he can go where he likes, can't he?" she snapped. "What kind of a lunch did you have?"

Tommy ran through the menu. It was his own selection. He had given the dear old chap some hints in gastronomy. It was wonderful how little he knew of such essential things! Seemed to have set his heart on giving them pheasant—in July! After that they had gone to see the New Futurists. His uncle seemed to know all about them. Wonderful work; but they were all erring after false gods. He thanked Heaven he had her—Clementina—to keep him orthodox. It was all absinthe and morphia. He rattled on. Clementina, leaning far back in her chair, watched the curls of cigarette smoke with shining eyes and a Leonardesque smile lurking at the corners of her lips.

"Why, Clementina!" he cried, with sudden indignation. "You're paying not the slightest attention to me."

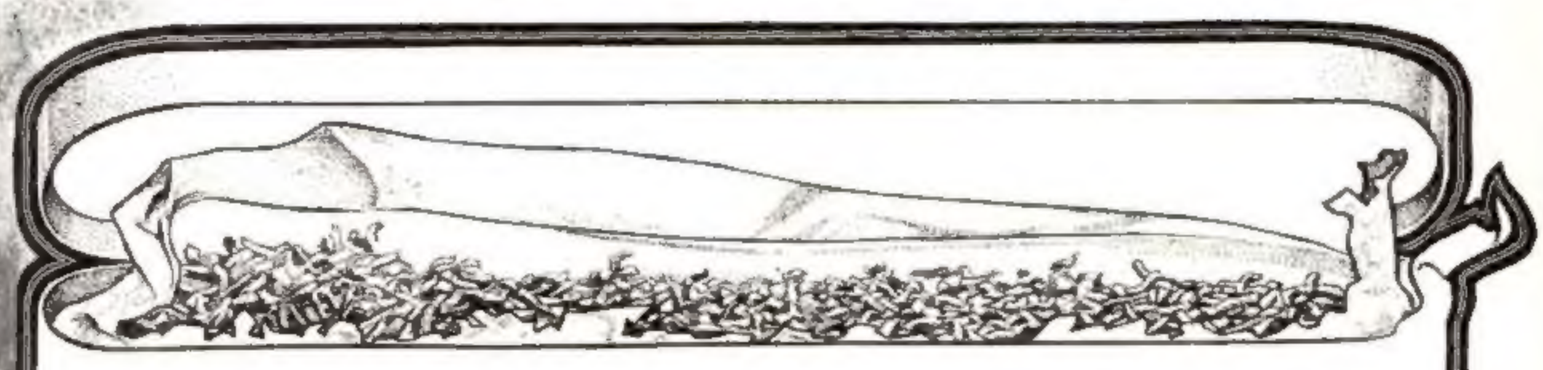
"Never mind, Tommy," she said. "You go on talking. It helps me to think. I'm going to have a devil of a time—the time of my life!"

"What in the world are you going to do?"

"Never mind, Tommy. Never mind. Oh, what a fool I was not to think of it before!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

LUCKY STRIKE



The Hip Pocket Guide To Happiness

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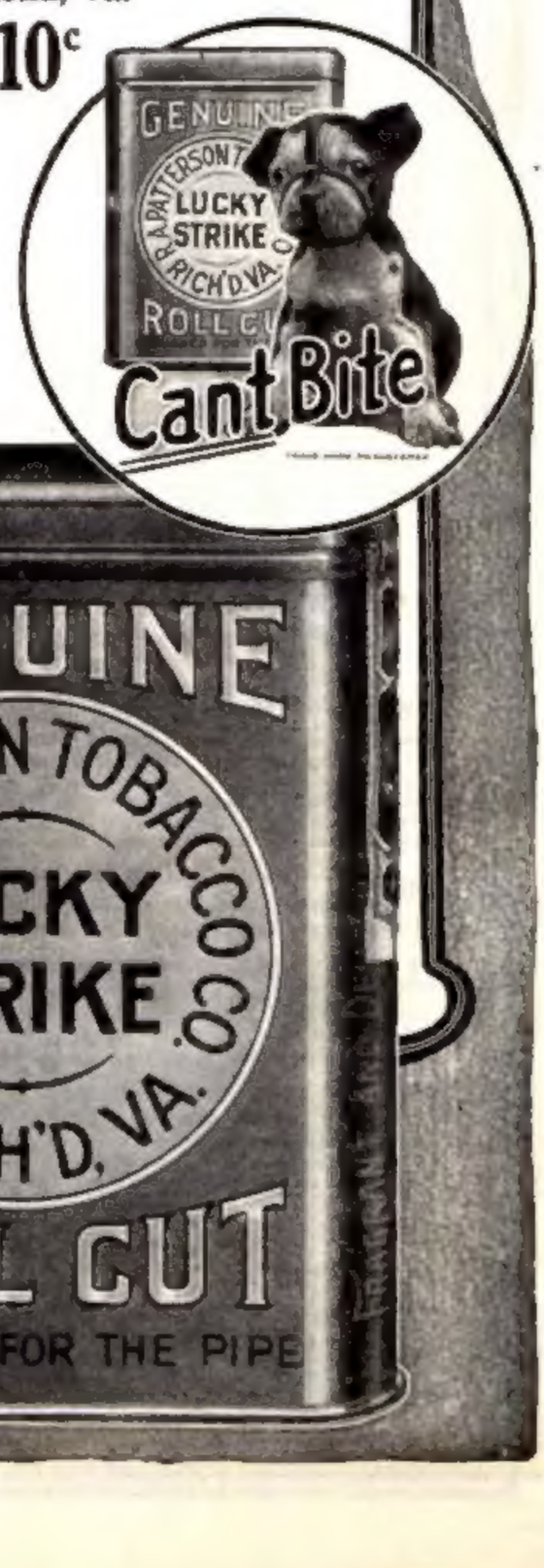
All Dealers **10c**

To The Tobacco Trade

We are making every endeavor to fill all orders promptly, but the great growth of Tuxedo (the original granulated Burley) is taxing our Tuxedo departments to the utmost. We have never dared to advertise Tuxedo, because its sales have grown so rapidly on sheer merit that we have always had difficulty in meeting the demand. So much of Tuxedo is sold that we must have orders in advance.



Miss Glad Iron:—It distresses me, Sadys, to see you using such a lot of rags and holders in a vain attempt to keep your mistress from burning her hands. I never use a thing of the kind.

Miss Sad Iron:—I would give a good deal, Gladys, to have a cool handle such as you have. And that isn't the worst of it. I can just feel the heat oozing out through the top. Heat that I know ought to go right into the ironing.

Miss Glad Iron:—You know, Sadys, mistress uses me from morning to night with never a thought of protecting her hand. And the heat that is saved keeps the point always hot, too. Your mistress certainly ought to get a Hotpoint iron, and enjoy these advantages this summer.

Miss Sad Iron:—Well from what I heard her say last ironing day, it will sure be me for the junk pile before long. When mistress sees other women ironing in such comfort—saving time, energy and trouble. I don't blame her, either.

Heat is put into an electric iron for just one purpose—to heat the sole plate to ironing temperature and keep it hot. Every particle of heat used otherwise, is lost—wasted. Unless prevented, the whole iron will become equally hot—the top will radiate (and **waste**) as much heat as the bottom uses. And the operator must protect her hand from this radiated heat and the hot handle. The *Hotpoint* iron is different. There is a heavy heat insulation in the top that holds the heat where it is needed. This makes the iron more comfortable to use **(no holder or protection needed)**—more efficient **(it will do heavier work and iron continuously)**—more economical **(all the electric current you pay for is used in the actual ironing).**

To prove this, pick up a *Hotpoint* iron after it has been in service an hour. That cool handle and top will be a revelation. The easily removable plug cuts off the current and stops the expense as soon as the iron is heated.

Then there is the attached stand—no lifting, simply tip it up, and the iron is so nicely balanced it requires scarcely any effort. Guaranteed two years. Price $5.00.

Dealers in most towns sell Hotpoint Irons

In most towns there is a dealer or lighting company that sells Hotpoint appliances. Buy of him if you can. But do not accept anything else. And if they will not get them for you, send your check to our nearest office and we will gladly pay the express charges. We cannot fill the order unless you give voltage.

Hotpoint

QUALITY

Household Iron —the iron that will do all the household ironing—do it quicker, easier, better and cheaper than any other method. 3 pound is narrow, for sleeves, etc.; 5 pound will do all ordinary work; 6 pound does the heaviest work as well as the light pieces. It is the most popular size. Either size, express paid, $5.00.

Utility —the handy little outfit—iron, stove and curling-tong heater, all in one—see description at right. $6.00.

El Tosto —the sturdy little electric toaster cheers the morning meal. Makes delicious golden brown toast right on the table. Keeps the coffee hot, too. If your dealer hasn't it we express for $4.00.

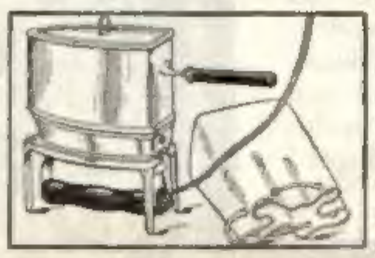
El Stovo —an attractive electric disc stove makes summer cooking easier. Handsomely finished in nickel—so handy for little spreads—fine for the chafing dish or use on the veranda. $5.00 express paid.

El Boilo —a neat little immersion heater—heats liquids hot in a hurry. Boudoir size $3.00. Kitchen size $4.00.

El Perco —the attractive electric percolator. Brews delicious coffee without boiling—right on the table. Made of heavy copper—two sizes, 5 and 7 cup—finished in either nickel or burnished copper. $7.50 and $8.00, express paid.

Put a Utility into your Grip

These days, wherever you go, there will be times when an available electric light socket will offer conveniences and comforts galore—*provided* you had the forethought to put a Utility Outfit into your grip.



A perfect little 2½ pound electric iron, highly nickel plated and efficient for all light work. Or, invert it on the stand that is furnished, put the dish in place and you can quickly boil a couple of cups of water—also an opening where the curling tong can be heated without additional current.

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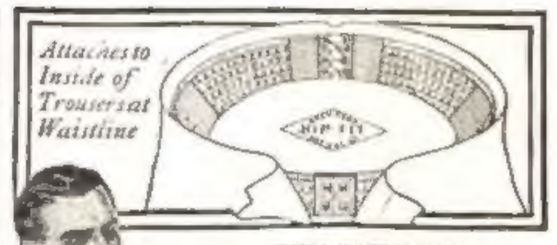

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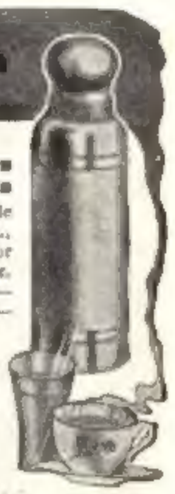

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